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My Goodness—My GUINNESS

Volume CLXXVIII No. 2320 The SPHERE, London, July 8, 1944

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

"THE STRANGEST EPISODE IN THE BATTLE FOR CHERBOURG": AN AMERICAN AIRMAN CAPTURED BY THE GERMANS IS RELEASED ON PAROLE to save a hospital which was in danger of being shelled. The German doctor and the airman (with arm in sling), followed by an orderly carrying the medical supplies, leaving the American lines on their way back to Cherbourg

An American Flight Officer was shot down and captured by the Germans near one of their hospitals in Cherbourg which held 150 American wounded and many hundreds of German casualties. Before the port fell, shells from American guns began to fall in the vicinity. To save further casualties and also to obtain much-needed medical supplies, the U.S. airman signed his parole and, accompanied by a German doctor, passed through the German lines to the American advanced troops. A message was passed to the artillery giving the position of the hospital, and with the medical supplies the U.S. and German officers left on their journey back. Before they got back to the hospital, however, other detachments of U.S. troops had overrun and captured the whole area, the German officer being handed over as a prisoner of the American airman !

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 253

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Unroll that Map of Russia.

—I have done it, and am trying once more to think in terms of 30-mile fronts and of 300-mile fronts at one and the same time. I have laid my ruler from Caen to Paris and again from Vitebsk to Tilsit. Both these objectives look a long way off. I don't know that one looks longer than the other. East Prussia, as the crow flies, is rather further from Vitebsk than is Moscow from Vitebsk. But the Russians move fast when they have the Nazis on the run, and between this and October there are fourteen weeks of fine campaigning weather. It is fairly easy to see the relation and reaction of events at Cherbourg with events at Caen. The Nazi armour failed to be in both places at once in Normandy. Still less easily can Nazi armour and Nazi air support mass in adequate strength at Onega, Vitebsk, Orsha, Mogilev, and all along the vast bulge that points its spear anywhere and everywhere into the Balkans. Not to mention in Northern Italy, Jugoslavia and the vulnerable southern gateways to France. Yet on a larger scale the relations and logic of events in Russia are clear enough. The Russian summer offensive is well forward and is conceived on the scale of magnificence which we associate with Stalin when he makes his victories and acknowledges them in *feus de joie*. And the swift capture of Cherbourg is a grand Roland for a giant Oliver. Small wonder that the German bishops have pleaded with the Pope to "save Germany as he saved Italy." Their sense of danger must have been acute to choose the moment they did to cry mercy, on the morrow of the Stalag III murders and the Flying Bomb murders. Rome is safe now, and the Holy Father will surely not now forbear, in his great mission of conciliation, to *name* the crimes and criminals which can expect no mercy from God or man.

Flying Devilry.—Now that so many more of us in Southern England have had sight and sound and closer experience of flying bombs, we are in a better position than a fortnight ago to examine our reactions to this weapon. I read a popular article by Professor Joad on his own reactions, and I confess that I never before saw him in so human and pleasant a light. There is no doubt at all that such afflictions as these have to be philosophically endured by a new effort. The trouble was that, in a year of comparative immunity and with ever-increasing assurance of victory at last, most of us lost the first, fine, careless rapture of heroic patriotism and revived our interest in *personal possessions*, that heavy burden on the back of all pilgrims in a troubled world. We began again to think of ourselves and our possessions—too soon. "Planning for the peace"—inevitable, no doubt, but overdone—naturally encouraged us to this premature return to security-thinking. As a result, we have had to go to the hard school again. However, we have had another term there, and I would only add one rider to the Professor's summing-up. On the whole, I much prefer the flying bomb to the buzzing, circling, maundering human wasp of 1940-41. The flying-devil at least has a single turkey's egg and drops it quickly, and will never drop another or worry you again. It's a game of pure chance, with long odds in your favour—and so is life itself.

The Greatest of These ?—

People who have time to read and anatomise German propaganda must always be faced with the dilemma: Which is the greater idiot, Goebbels or his Home Front victims ? The flying-bomb propaganda is in this sphere a thing apart. The little Doctor of Lies surpassed his highest flights and beat all his previous records of exaggeration and contradiction. Myself, I have still a sneaking admiration for the Doctor of Lies. It may be immoral, but there it is. There is something superb about a liar of these dimensions in a sixth, seventh and eighth dimension, a liar who will lie and contradict his lies in the same paragraph and come up smiling and confident with new monsters of lying next morning. I am convinced that the little Doctor is no fool. And to that obstinate belief I can cling *only* by the assumption that the German race, as a whole, has now reached a stage of intellectual decline that ranges them slightly below poultry in mental equipment and far below pigs and bullocks. In short, the Doctor's secret is the discovery of a unique power. He alone in the world's history has found the means to "deceive *all* the people *all* the time." It is no compliment to the Herrenvolk.

PRAYER BEFORE BATTLE IN NORMANDY. Before the great offensive opened around Caen on June 25, services were conducted in many of the battalions which were to take part in the assault against the Germans. In this picture the Rev. S. Cook, a Yorkshire padre, is conducting a short open-air service for a battalion of a famous British regiment, the men of which attended for prayer in their shirt-sleeves and working dress

Proving the Obvious.—

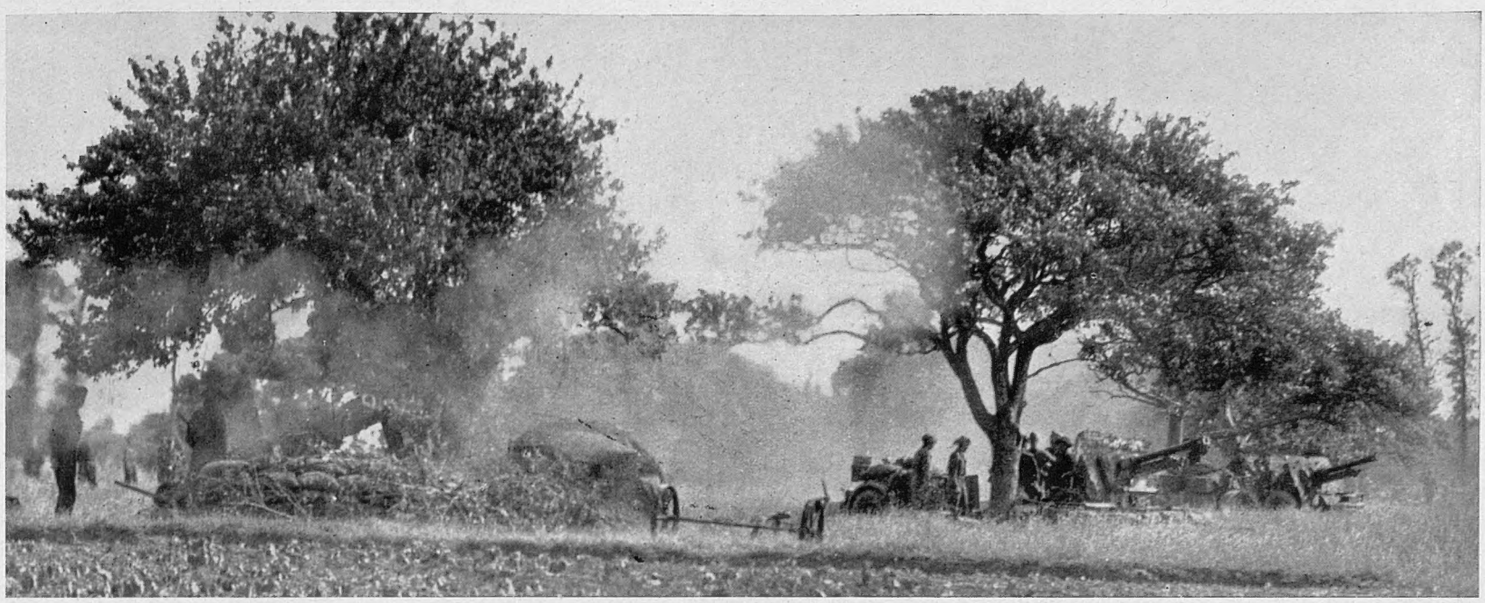
I knew in my youth an old Tory squire who always summed-up "Foreign policy" in a sentence: "God made a great mistake when He made foreigners." That, of course, is to-day more outrageous nonsense than ever. But still one need not be a Tory squire to say, and really believe, that all Germans are better dead and that the world would have been for generations a less filthy place if God had never made Germans. He made them: we have suffered from them, and we cannot exterminate them all. What to do with the survivors is another matter—one which we cannot really decide about till the war is over. That we shall judge and punish as many as we can catch, who have committed murder, torture and nameless crimes (by order or their own free will), I take as certain. For the rest, I hope that, till the war is finally won, we shall now give over theorising about the subject, and pouring out words and arguments pro and con the total condemnation of the German race. The great thing is to exterminate all we can now, and to keep to our resolve that those of them who survive the war and the punishment of proven crimes are kept unarmed for a generation or longer, and for all time powerless to start another war. We deplore bomb bores and club bores. They weary us with the obvious. That is true also of this school. They flog a dead donkey. We all accept it that the donkey is dead. It is useless to go on flogging it in words. It is impossible to bury the whole carcase. What is unfairly called Vansittartism by its very repetition has produced an opposite camp of apologists; and so the controversy—the waste of empty words—has encouraged this acknowledged vermin to believe it has admirers and protectors still. I should think the Stalag III murders and the flying bombs have said the last necessary words. There are more useful things for intelligent people to do than to waste breath on proving acknowledged facts, or coining arguments to prove that pigs are pigs, black is black, and vermin vermin.

The Rains Came.—They didn't need rain all over England, I know. In the west and north they have had plenty of it. I believe farmers in the south and east generally would have preferred to delay the break in the drought for a week longer. But the rains came at last to my part of southern England and have brought relief—at least to gardeners. In the three days beginning June 25 we had the respectable total of 1·20 in., giving to June a better average, approaching to 2 in. One man's meat! Southern England got some watery relief, but it gave the Hun another kind of relief. The mist and cloud grounded our aircraft in Normandy to some extent and were jam to the flying bombardiers. They made their hay, but really on the whole it is a disappointing crop for the harvesters. With clear skies again, the onions will swell and the A.D.G.B. and the rest of the Allied Air Forces will make up lost time and get on top of Rommel and Robot. (If any of them *did* have a holiday in the mist, it was of the busman variety. A good deal of business was accomplished in the worst of the weather.) I confess that, as an Englishman, I was relieved to learn from Mr. Eden that the Government does *not* propose to appeal to the Pope to appeal to the Hun for mercy from the flying bomb!

Bird-Watching.—I was not cut out by nature for a naturalist, a novelist, or a detective. I am not observant. Lately I have made strides as a bird-watcher. A rare chance came to me to lie idle in a garden in early summer, to be quiet and to use my eyes. I saw a lot. My experience does not tell me how bird-watchers find nests with eggs in them. But it has shown (what I might have discovered 50 years ago) how easy it is to find nests with young birds in them. It is as easy as falling off a log, while the parents come and go with morsels, back and forth for an hour together, with no longer any effort at concealment. So at last I have found in a week in a corner of my garden more nests of many varieties than the sum found in ten summers hitherto. "Obvious, my dear Watson." Yes, of course. But the odd thing is, how human beings are always tricked by the supposed difficulties of trades to which they were not apprenticed. I guess now at last that all of them are really a simple matter of common sense, plus a little practical experience of trial and error. I no longer believe the average gardener to be a wizard or magician, and I am prepared to believe that the average doctor, lawyer, banker and Cabinet Minister may have made his way and reached his niche, not behind the guiding fire of genius, but by taking the hand of common sense and keeping a slow but regular step with that companion. Perhaps even the novelist and poet come under the same theory. Trollope indeed propounded it: . . . but, as he thereby committed suicide to his reputation for 40 years, I won't insist on it.

THE OLD STAGER

How the BATTLE OPENED around CAEN: The Massing of Artillery and of Tanks near Tilly for the Big Offensive which Opened on June 25



BRITISH GUNS, WHICH WERE MASSED ONE TO EVERY FIVE YARDS ALONG THE WHOLE FRONT, FIRE FROM A POSITION AT THE EDGE OF A FIELD. The artillery played an important part in the Tilly fighting, laying down a devastating barrage behind which the infantry advanced at the rate of 100 yards every three minutes. Despite lack of air support owing to the weather, the crossing of the Odon River and the establishment of bridgeheads on the German side was successfully accomplished

THE MASSING OF THE TANKS: CHURCHILLS MOVE ACROSS A CORNFIELD TO ATTACK THE GERMAN POSITIONS and to force the crossing of the Odon River. Many tank duels were fought out between the German Panthers and the British Churchills, and the losses in enemy armour were reported as heavy, with extensive gaps hacked out in the enemy's lines, through which our foot soldiers later advanced

MEN AND ARMOUR MOVE UP TO THE ATTACK IN THE TILLY-CAEN OFFENSIVE: A fine battle panorama showing the opening stages of the operation which led up to the establishment of the first British bridgehead across the River Odon. The picture gives an impression of the open rolling downlands which provided a very suitable terrain for our tanks. All three pictures given here were taken on June 28 as the troops were moving up steadily towards their various objectives on a broad front

THE BIG ATTACK NEAR CAEN

First Pictures of the Great Assault from Tilly towards the South-West of the German Stronghold

THE THREE ARMY COMMANDERS IN FRANCE: A picture taken in Normandy of the first meeting on French soil of General Sir Bernard Montgomery, Commander-in-Chief of the 21st Army Group, with his Army Commanders—Lieut.-General Omar N. Bradley (on left) and Lieut.-General M. C. Dempsey, Commander of the British Second Army (on right). The appointment of the latter was only made public on June 28, just after the big battle around Caen had opened

LIEUT.-GENERAL MILES CHRISTOPHER DEMPSEY, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., is forty-seven years of age. In 1939 he was a Lieutenant-Colonel; he was promoted in November of that year, and became a Major-General in June 1941 at the head of an Armoured Division

BRITISH 4·5-IN. GUNS IN ACTION ON THE DAY FOLLOWING THE OPENING OF THE NEW ATTACK WEST OF CAEN ON JUNE 25

A tremendous barrage from hundreds of Allied guns covered the British tanks and infantry as they went into action, and warships off-shore joined in the "shoot." Reports from the battlefront stated that there was one gun to every eight yards of battlefront: later, the figure was increased to one gun every five yards. The barrage lifted 100 yards every three minutes so that the infantry could go forward, followed by tanks. In the first assault from Tilly an advance of 2½ miles was made through the wooded high ground

THE SMOKE-SCREEN IS LAID AND BRITISH TROOPS ADVANCE ACROSS THE FIELDS BEHIND THE BARRAGE TO ENGAGE THE GERMANS

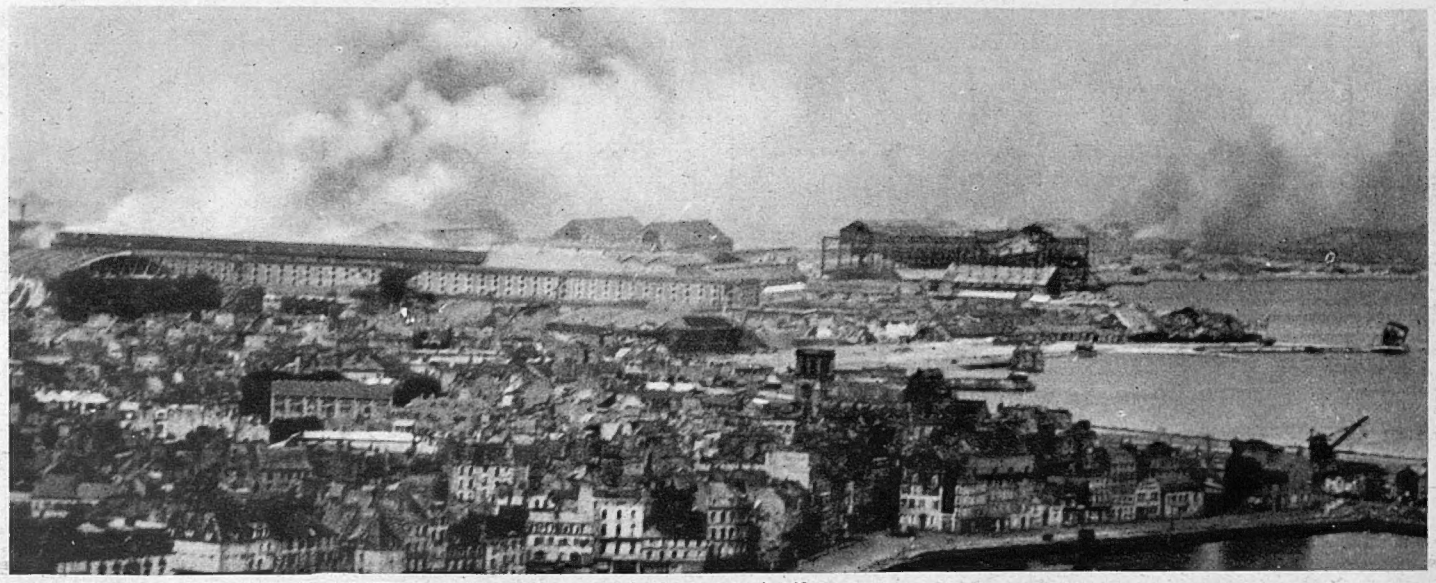
These two pictures were taken by an Army photographer who went forward with the first wave of the assault, when considerable breaches were made in the German lines in the neighbourhood of Tilly. The action was of a very fierce nature with house-to-house fighting in the villages and with great numbers of tanks. German reports declared that the assault was made by four or five divisions, including two tank divisions of the 30th Corps, and that 350 ships were lying off-shore ready to unload fresh troops

INTO BATTLE AROUND CAEN: BRITISH TROOPS IN A SUNKEN LANE FIRING ON ENEMY-HELD POSITIONS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A FRENCH VILLAGE. As elsewhere, the German snipers have been hiding in houses and in the many woods, trying to hold up the infantry by harassing tactics. The wooded, hilly type of country through which the battle is now raging favours such tactics

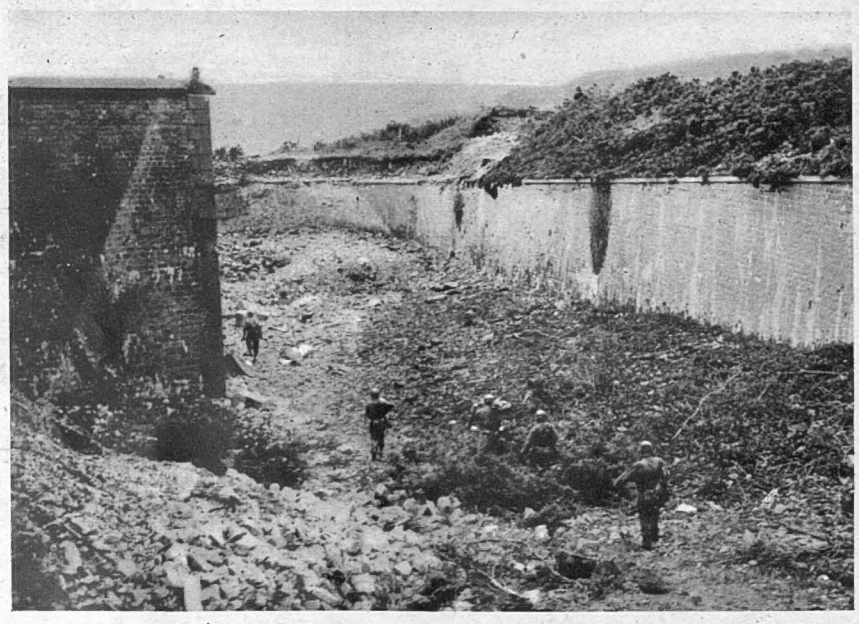
JUST BEFORE THE ORDER TO ADVANCE: BRITISH TROOPS IN BATTLE ORDER WAITING IN A NORMANDY ORCHARD

This, and the picture above, incidentally, show the equipment now worn by the infantry when in action: it does not differ materially from that of the last war, except for the new "stiletto-type" bayonet and the camouflage covering for the steel helmets. When the attack was launched, on June 25, our troops broke through the infantry line in the German defences south-west of Caen, and found that the enemy was opposing us with "a makeshift screen of tanks and 88-mm. guns sited on any high ground or behind cover," as a staff officer expressed it. The first big attack was made without air support because of the weather

HOW THE PORT OF CHERBOURG WAS CAPTURED BY THE AMERICANS June 26, 1944



PART OF THE DOCK AREA IS ABLAZE, but large sections of the town itself appear to be unharmed. A view of Cherbourg as seen from the ramparts of Fort du Roule, which is built on a hill overlooking the port and sea

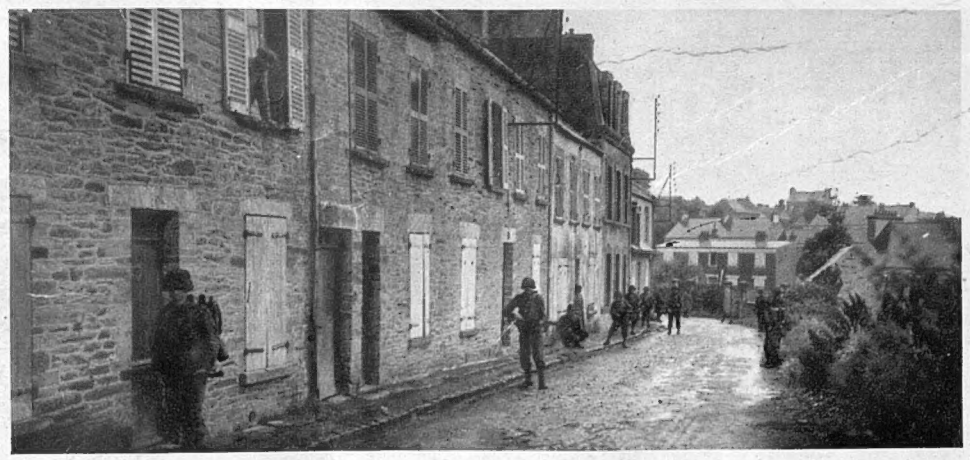


IN FORT DU ROULE: American infantrymen swarming round the main gun emplacements, searching for the tunnel entrance to silence the coastal batteries which continued to pound away despite that great numbers of Allied troops were surrounding fort and ramparts

KNOCKED OUT BY AN AMERICAN TANK, a German gun burns at the roadside, while smoke pours from a building just hit by a shell. This picture was taken during the last hours of the fighting for Cherbourg

ANOTHER SCENE AT FORT DU ROULE, with an American soldier picking off German snipers. When this picture was taken the coastal batteries of the Fort were still firing at the Allies

DEAD GERMANS LYING IN A STREET IN THE TOWN as the American entered to take possession of port and harbour



On left—**AMERICAN SOLDIERS ADVANCING WARILY THROUGH THE TOWN. German snipers were still at work at that moment. This part of the town seems to be quite untouched by the shelling, and civilians were still in residence in the houses**

Cherbourg fell to the Americans on June 26, after a lightning campaign. With its fall, a very considerable number of Germans were captured, over 37,000. The first of the prisoners were the Commander of the garrison and the Naval Commander of Normandy: the were discovered in hiding in concre tunnels 30 ft. below the ground, an they made their capitulation eve whilst the men under their comman were still holding out at variou points in Cherbourg. The picture reproduced here were all taken durin the final stages of the operation whic put the fine port and harbour int the hands of the Allies. The actu submission of the German com manders was made to the Commande of the Seventh U.S. Corps, who, forty eight, is probably the younge Corps Commander in the America Army. It is not unlikely that Che bourg will soon be in full use by th Allied fleets for supply purposes

THE SCENE AT THE SURRENDER : Lieut.-General Carl Wilhelm von Schlieben, Commander of the Cherbourg Garrison (behind), and Rear-Admiral Hennecke, Sea Defence Commander of Normandy (on left), face Major-General Lawton Collins, who commanded the 7th U.S. Corps which captured the town and port, after they had come up from their concrete tunnels 30 ft. below the ground. Behind their leaders, with hands held high in the air, came Schlieben's staff and some 800 of his men

VON SCHLIEBEN, FOLLOWED BY HENNECKE, at General Collins' Headquarters. The German Commander surrendered whilst many of his men were still fighting in Cherbourg. He began the war as a Colonel and had seen service with the German Army in Russia

UNDER THE FLAG OF TRUCE : Bearing a Red Cross flag in front of them, German wounded are being marched through the streets of the French port, past one of the American tanks which took part in the final stages of the assault

A GROUP OF GERMAN OFFICERS captured in a Cherbourg strong-point. American soldiers are acting as guards until their removal to a prisoner-of-war camp

THE GERMANS STREAM OUT OF ONE OF THEIR UNDERGROUND FORTRESSES. This was the final scene in the dramatic story of Cherbourg's strongest fortress, the Fort du Roule. Built high up on a hill, it was a maze of tunnels dug in the rock. American troops captured it, but from some hidden control-room deep inside the Germans still kept their big guns firing. For hours the entrance to their inner stronghold was sought, but could not be found : at last it was discovered—hidden in an ordinary-looking house. That was the end!

The PEOPLE and COUNTRY AHEAD in FRANCE

How the Experiences of Normandy may be Put to Use Elsewhere; and the Chances of Allied Successes in Other of the French Provinces

By FERDINAND TUOHY

OF the nine old provinces of France, which Pétain revived and de Gaulle apparently intends to maintain at least temporarily, for administrative purposes, Normandy is, I believe, the largest, ahead of such as Brittany, Burgundy, Provence and Gascony. Should Normandy be exceeded in size by any of these, it remains indisputably the richest province of the bunch.

Rather more than three weeks after D-Day, half of one Norman department, Manche, has been liberated, and slightly less than one-third of a second: Calvados. By far the larger part of Normandy is as yet untrodden by the Allies, including three entire departments: Orne, Eure and Lower Seine. One needs to visualise Normandy as extending from Mt. St. Michel south-east through Alençon to La Ferté-Bernard, thence north-east through Dreux to Gournay, and finally from there to the Channel at Tréport.

The Allied troops may be fighting in the Norman *pays* for quite some time yet, although one ardently hopes the spell will be brief—a hope which the Normans share. What they hope is that the breakthrough, when it comes, shall sweep both contending armies rapidly out of all Normandy west of the Seine; with the accent on the "rapidly," since speed of advance means the escape of property, even with the Boches trying to scorch.

The pained surprise of some of our folk—that the Normans did not fling their arms round our men's necks—has its humour if we toy with the notion that the Normans have long been considered by the rest of the French as most resembling the English in character and temperament. Insularity is so chronic at times here that people never dreamt of putting, say, Yorkshire folk or Aberdonians in the place of the Normans. What would the Yorkshire attitude have been to a landing French army whose liberating process would mean wholesale local destruction of property, together with a heavy civil death-roll, on top of heavy losses previously suffered in each of these spheres? Would the Yorkshire folk have danced in the streets in sheer joy and gratitude?

It may be sound to mention another Norman factor, as it will be encountered later elsewhere, though not to the same extent. Normandy has been the most reactionary of French provinces. This has historic, religious and dynastic origins. Royalism was strong in Normandy, and so were de la Roque's Croix de Feu, Darnand's Cagoulards, Doriot's Popular Party and French Fascism in general. How I used to argue the toss with their kind when I had my base in Normandy! Especially round Sanctions-time used I to get dry in the throat telling them they 'd regret going along with Musso and their derision of England. For it was Musso who was the big man in French Fascist minds—at least, up to Munich.

But my point is that the Normans have been more accessible than any other French people to the spate of propaganda shouted by Paris on the lines of "Europe will be bolshevised if the Allies win." In no other part of France is anti-Communism stronger than in Normandy. That there are Normans in some quantity who would prefer to continue under the "correct" Nazis rather than risk the impact of revolutionary Gaullism upon their private hoards is beyond any questioning. But, as we penetrate into France, especially into more urbanised districts, the united fervour for deliverance at all costs should only grow and widen.

Your spared, well-nourished peasant and country-dweller, leading the quiet life despite all the wars, can never be expected to enthuse to the passage, much less to the battling, of armies, and of foreign armies at that. In any case, the French have suffered too grievously in several vital ways for us to expect them to bubble over and throw flowers and uncork flagons in the Palermo-Rome way; and I very much trust that there will be no repetition of "Siegfried Line" laundry yelling and kindred light-headedness, as if the war were just a sporting joke. The French are in no mood for it—anywhere. Grimly, they want to join actively in the war, where others thought only of getting well and gaily out of it.

Responding to the invisible guidance of General Koenig, King of the Maquis, recruiting to the Tricolor should rise steadily as the liberating forces wrestle through Normandy to the adjacent lands of Picardy and the Nord, of the Ile-de-France (Paris region on a wide circumference), the Valley of the Loire and Brittany. I met Koenig at lunch, and a cheery, forthright fellow he proved. I did not then know he had been a "ranker" and that he had spent his life in the Legion, but that explained what I found. He hoped our ideas of liberation would tally with his own, and he enjoyed pulling scriveners' legs.

If the Allies appear in the north, French recruits should be abundant and very largely Communists. Should Montgomery forge ahead on the short cut to Paris, using Seine shipping to aid logistics, I believe the highly-strung capital is capable of giving him a resounding welcome, particularly if his tactics should have the effect of sparing the city, as Alexander's spared Rome.

Politically, the Ile-de-France is a mixed region, and many "others" will want to join up as well as Communists. But it is as well to weigh in advance that Paris has been plugged endlessly by Déat, Henriot and Darnand. Déat tries to collar the worker, using anti-capitalistic talk. Darnand rules through food and hostages. Henriot shrewdly shows up anything the Allies give him. A tidy little Paris army of collaborators *couchants* should head for Switzerland. Which reminds me that our officers might as well cease trying to separate sleeping from upright collaborators. The French know much more about such matters.

The Loire Valley of romantic memory covers broadly the Beauce, the Sarthe, Touraine and the Lower Loire (Anjou and Poitou). The Valley is both agricultural and reactionary in large spots, so we may look for something of the same attitude as in Normandy, albeit less dour, this being a gentler clime; in the Lower Loire, which Turner exposed to the foreign eye, a good deal of Communism, also resentment at heavy bombing.

Finally, Brittany, where de Gaulle's first capital is planned—unwise to mention where, or the Germans might be moved to some special destruction: The Bretons sent more men to de Gaulle than any other province. This was Catholic, Celtic Brittany, and when not this Brittany, then Communist Brittany. The Bretons are one of two things: devout Catholics or open-minded Communists. At Douarne-nez they had the first all-"Red" community in France. Be that as it may, I apprehend that Bretons, who lost 260,000 dead in the last war, will flock to the standards of liberation, as few other types in Gaul.

That is to say, should Montgomery turn right, as indeed he inevitably must do some day. For the present, he is probably more interested in the narrower arc of the Eure, of "La Suisse Normande," which is the Orne, and of that westernmost Norman corner centring on Avranches.

The Eure is a projection of rich Normandy, with its people more *Parisés* through propinquity to the capital. The Norman Switzerland is another matter. This is the country lying between Caen and Alençon-Mayenne, and it is to be hoped that encircling moves will reduce the necessity of fighting amid the cliffs, rocks and gorges, quite high at times, which, added to vast, thick woods, should aid the Germans most in the country round Mortain, Domfront and Bagnoles.

Nowhere about here, by the way, should our correspondents expect the natives to be hungry, and I can recommend the *andouilles* of Vire, to be taken with an Anjou. Offal, but quite good offal. My final hitch-hike in France, in August 1939, chanced to be all round this country. From Cherbourg down to Granville, across to Bagnoles, and back across to Mt. St. Michel. We hit Bagnoles in the days after Ribbentrop's signing with Russia, and it was as if the whole burg had got phlebitis, locals included. Hardly any movement, hardly any chat. Introspection in a big way.

Tourists throng to watch the sea sweep in at 7 m.p.h. at Mt. St. Michel. They rarely think of Avranches or Coutances, even when golfing at Granville. Well, that 's their affair. I wish to record the hope that charming little Coutances Cathedral may escape. On its sloping hill, it really belongs to the town and speaks a rare unity and harmony. Avranches is bell-mad, but I like its lonely eminence, looking far around upon the waters and landscape; and its gardens are so attractively restful.

In respect of all these places, near and far, some attention to the following may ease the military effort:

1. Send French regiments to Normandy as soon as feasible, and send them from the start anywhere else we may land in France. Had Normans seen French troops on D-Day, they would have been too excited to display even caution (bred of St. Nazaire and Dieppe), much less coldness.

2. Remove a surprising mystery to the French in France and clear up the de Gaulle nonsense. Utilise his agents in each region, as liberated, and leave the de-collaboration business to them.

3. Overhaul minutely the precise value to subsequent military operations on land of the past three months' bombing of communications and installations in French cities and towns. Weigh the worth of the damage done to German strategy tactics against the inevitable later political repercussions from the death and ruin hurled on the French at these places.

4. By masterly conception, Alexander contrived so to press Kesselring this way and that that no battle was necessary in, or adjacent to, Rome. Alexander did this deliberately. Let the French people know that just as great pains will be taken by our Generals planning battles in France, to the end that French towns shall be spared as Rome.

5. Foreign armies court unpopularity when poor. It is nauseating to send poor Tommies in the wake of mark-bloated Germans. Keep the exchange at 200 to the pound; tell the French that 's the reason Tommy is broke—in order to help them, the French. And give a special Occupation Allowance without more dodging.

THE FUNERAL OF TWO NORMAN BOYS who gave their lives to help the Allied cause. Two French boys, one thirteen years old and the other eighteen years, gave their lives for the Allied cause when they took up German guns and grenades and tried to help American troops who were fighting up a little country road near Verville. In the course of the fighting, the Germans spotted them and killed them with rifle-fire. The two boys were given a simple funeral in the little village where they lived. Their names cannot be given for fear of reprisals on relatives in places still occupied by the Germans. This picture was taken as the simple funeral procession left the house in which the boys lived

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

THE RAILS ALONG WHICH THE FLYING BOMBS ARE LAUNCHED : This is a view of the ramp, camouflaged from aerial observation. The track on this site is pointing due north—that is, towards Southern England. It was found by the Americans near Delassy in Normandy

MORE FLYING BOMB SITES CAPTURED

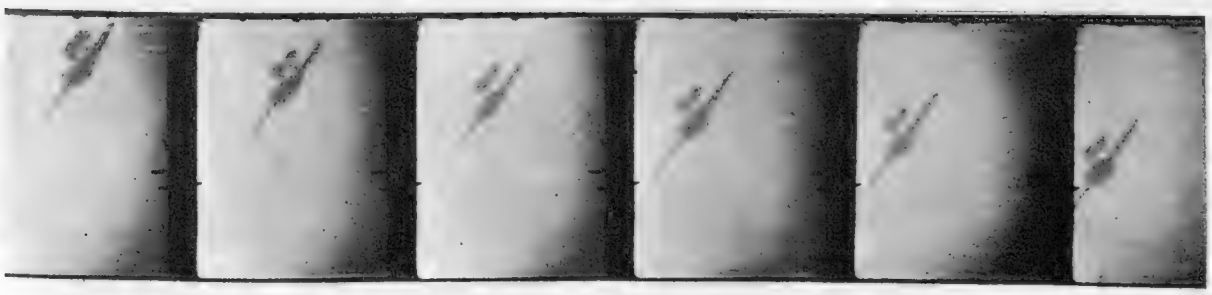
Pictures Showing New Views of the Launching Rails and Control Houses

In last week's issue we published pictures showing a big flying bomb base captured by the Americans on the Cherbourg Peninsula. Here are views of another site—but, in this case, it would seem as if this one had been intended for the launching of the pilotless planes which are now actually being used against Southern England. This was one of two sites discovered near Delassy and captured during the advance on the port of Cherbourg. The construction work on both sites had been completed, but the firing installations and control mechanisms had yet to be fitted. It would appear that the rails seen in the upper picture are the actual rails along which the flying bomb is projected at its take-off. On all the sites so far captured, the control house is the most important building, as from this point the discharge and direction of the bombs is supervised. The Germans had gone to the greatest pains to camouflage the whole sites, so as to render their detection from the air a matter of great difficulty

THE HEAVILY CAMOUFLAGED "CONTROL HOUSE" ON THE FLYING BOMB SITE. This is believed to be the key point of the whole station : these master buildings all have a pivot point in the centre of the floor, with a curved slot in the back, as if to receive the base end of a sliding instrument. The distance from the pivot point to the slot is approximately 15 ft. in all the sites so far captured. The camouflage adopted here is intended to tone in with the surrounding countryside

A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE CONTROL BUILDING, taken from a sunken curved road which runs away from the ramp. The whole site, but especially this key building, is most elaborately camouflaged to prevent detection from the air. The site, with its ancillary buildings, covers a considerable area, but the firing installations had not yet been fitted

ONE OF THE "SKI" BUILDINGS AT THE BASE : It is now being used as a forward Command Post by the Allies. These buildings get their name from the fact that they look like a ski on its side. They are believed to have been designed to store the pilotless craft, and have curved entrances to protect them from blast—*(See also following two pages)*

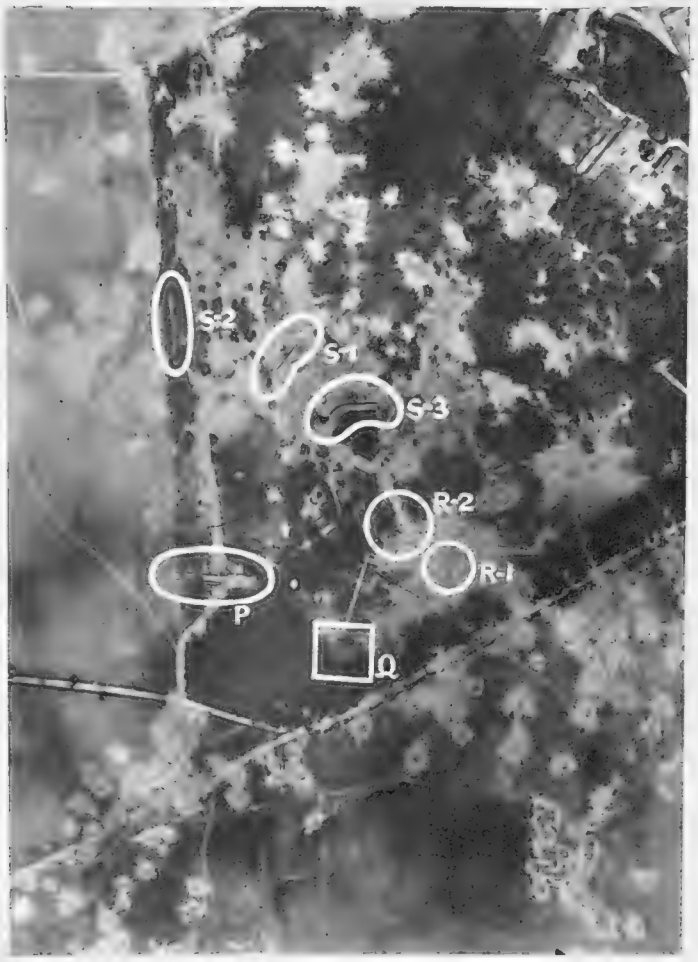


***On left*—A SPITFIRE PILOT CATCHES A FLYING BOMB.** This series of six photographs showing the pilotless aircraft in actual flight was taken by the cine camera of an aircraft of the Air Defence of Great Britain. A moment later the pilot attacked the bomb and destroyed it. Flight-Lieut. Nash was on patrol when he obtained these shots. Shortly afterwards he destroyed another bomb. The propulsion unit at the rear of the plane is particularly clear in these shots

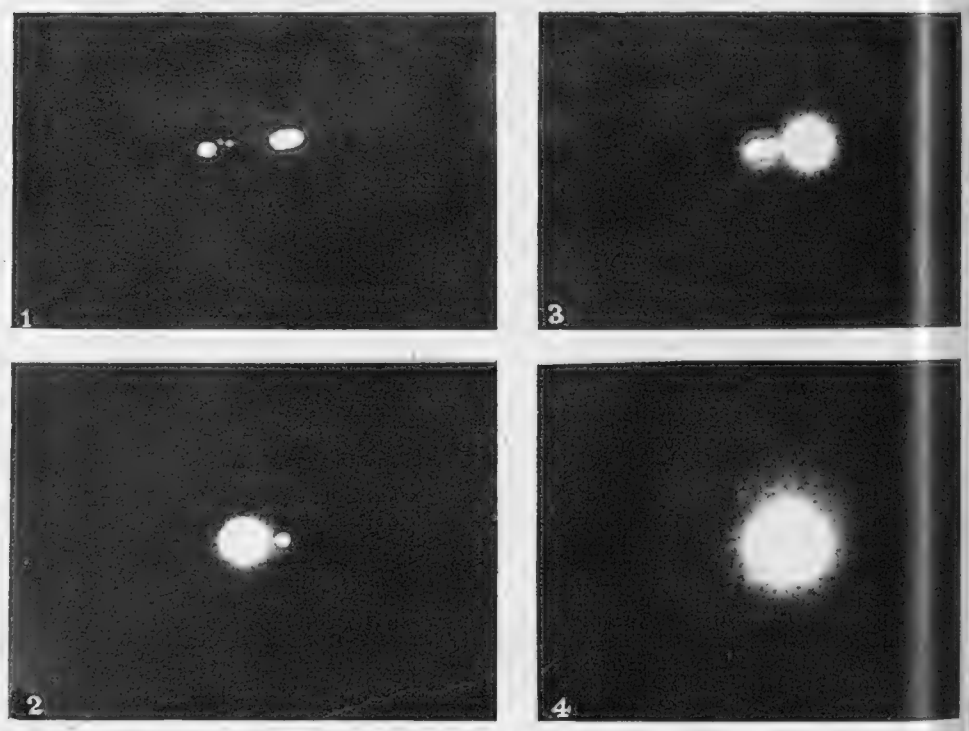
ONE OF THE "LAIRS" FROM WHICH THE FLYING BOMBS ARE LAUNCHED AT ENGLAND: A low oblique photograph, taken by an R.A.F. reconnaissance aircraft over the Pas de Calais, which shows the buildings hidden in the woods around the site. Some of the Flying Bomb bases are so cunningly hidden in woods or villages, or alongside roadways, that they are difficult to locate. The houses which surround the sites are used by the Germans for storage, personnel and control apparatus

BEATING THE NAZIS' FLYING BOMBS

By Attacking Their Bases in France and by Shooting Them Down in Mid-Air



ONE OF THE FIRST PICTURES OF A GERMAN ROCKET-LAUNCHING SITE, taken just after it had been bombed by American aircraft. This installation is now definitely out of action, with hits on all its three "skis." (These are storage sheds, so-called because of their curved shape, designed to withstand blast bombing). In addition, one building has been completely demolished and another damaged, and the launching platform has been damaged from a near miss. S1, 2, 3 are the "skis"; P, the launching platform; and R1 and 2 and Q are buildings seemingly used by the Germans for storage and assembly purposes



ONE OF THE GERMAN FLYING BOMBS EXPLODES IN MID-AIR: These four pictures were taken by night on the South Coast by a camera-man of the R.A.F. Film Production Unit. The Flying Bomb was attacked by a Spitfire and finally exploded harmlessly in mid-air. These pictures show the sequence from attack to explosion—a phase which lasts but two or three seconds

According to Lieut.-General Lewis H. Brereton, who commands the U.S. Ninth Air Force, most of the pilotless plane bases are situated in the Pas de Calais in a line running from St. Omer to Abbeville: all of them are from 15 to 20 miles inland. The launching sites are very hard to see and to hit: in most cases they are in, or at the edge of, a wood or an orchard and have the advantage of both natural and artificial camouflage.

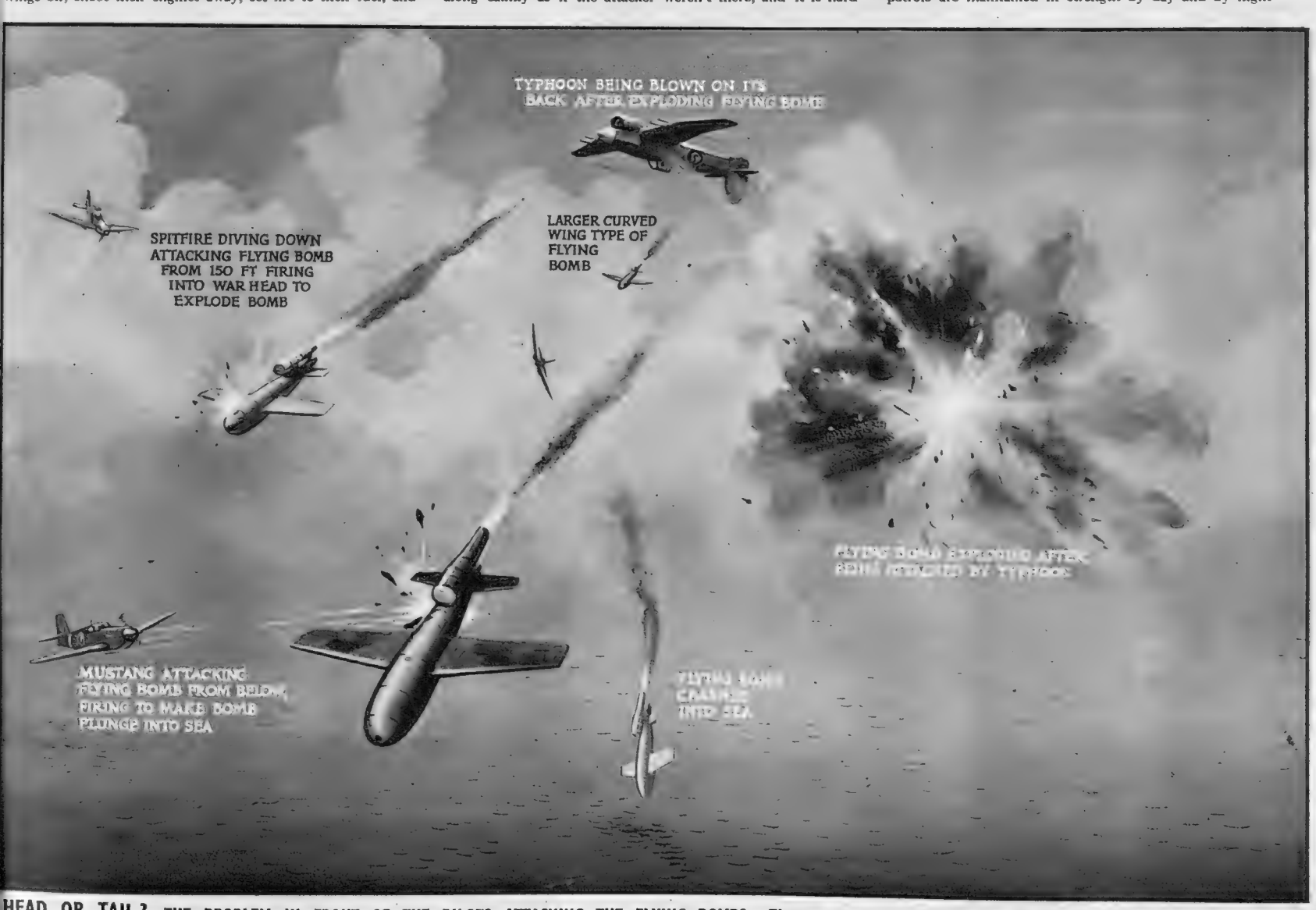
The main part of the sites is an oblong platform pointed towards England and camouflaged with paint: from this the Flying Bombs are launched. There are other buildings adjacent to the platform, used possibly for storage or for the final stages of assembly of the bomb. The largest of these buildings is in the shape of an ice-hockey stick—there is an elbow, and one of the extending parts is about twice the length of the other. (These are the "skis" indicated in the photograph on the left.)

Hundreds of tons of high explosives have been rained down on the Flying Bomb bases by aircraft of the Ninth Air Force and the R.A.F. Owing to the great resources at the disposition of the Allies it has not been necessary to divert planes from other targets for the purpose of these anti-robot operations. Owing to the thoroughness with which the Germans laid their plans, "not a wood nor a farmhouse would be left standing if we were to blitz every possible hide-out." A greater part of each installation is underground: it shows no more above the ground than does an iceberg above the water. What remains to be hit is probably little bigger than a garage

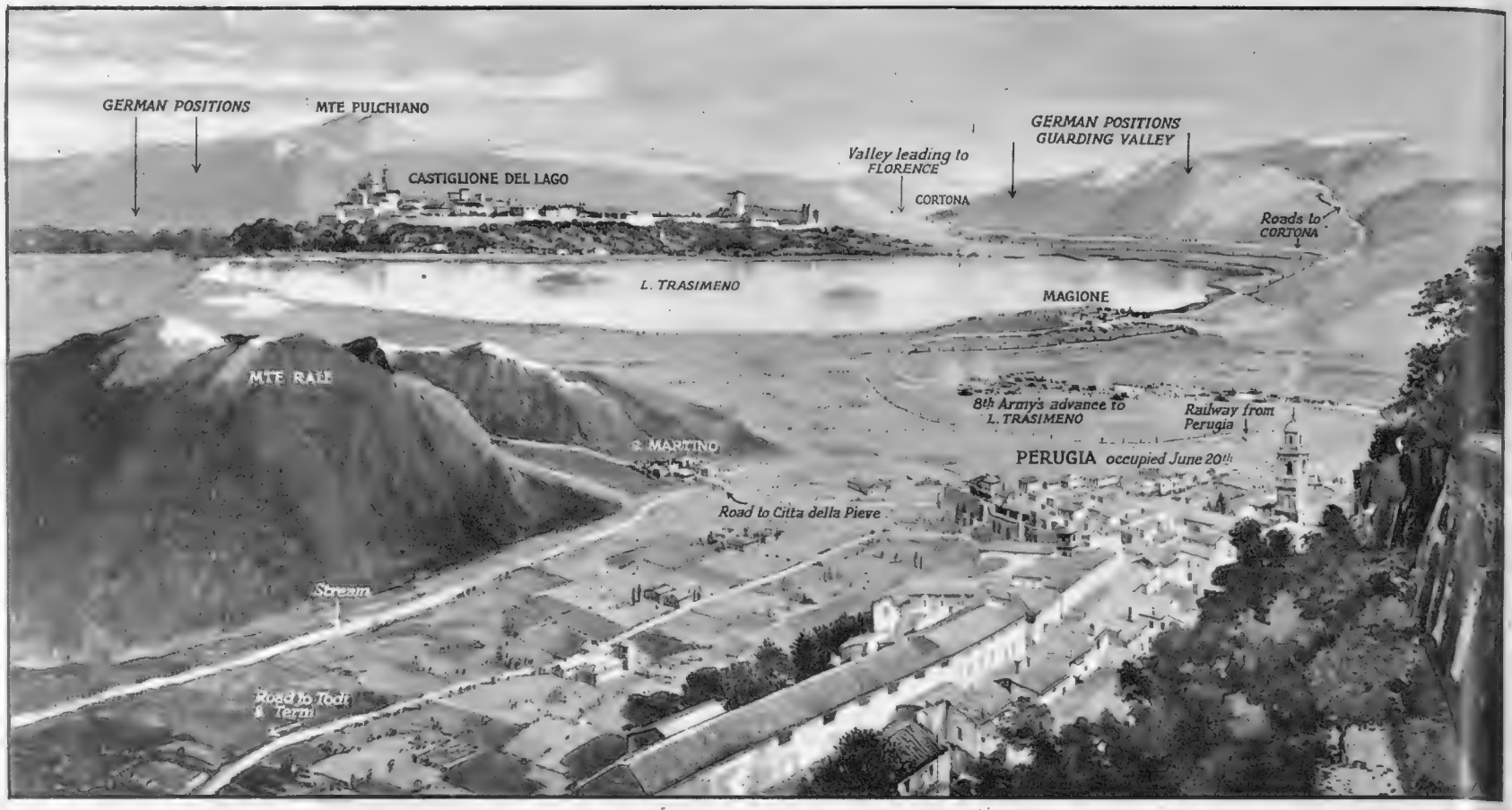
THE PILOT OF A TYPHOON FLIES BESIDE ONE OF THE PILOTLESS AIRCRAFT BEFORE ATTACKING IT : It is an eerie sensation to be alongside such a lethal weapon and yet know that there is no human agency in control and no enemy pilot to hit back or to take evasive action
—Drawing by Roland Davies

SHOOTING DOWN the FLYING BOMBS

The German pilotless plane is of two types, according to our fighter pilots—the square-winged and the curved-winged kind. The latter is bigger and faster than the former. Our newest types of fighter plane can easily overtake both kinds. The pilots do all sorts of things to them—blow their wings off, shoot their engines away, set fire to their fuel, and thus set the charge off. "We have been blowing up a large number, and we down a handsome percentage of those sent over," said one R.A.F. pilot. "When we knock them down the blast comes up even to a height of 2,000 ft. It is worse than when we fly right through it!" It is an eerie experience to attack an aircraft which just flies along calmly as if the attacker weren't there, and it is hard to realise that it cannot shoot back. At first, bullets and cannon shells bounced off the Flying Bombs. That was before pilots had flown alongside and studied them closely looking for points of vulnerability; now a three-seconds burst makes them explode in the air. Our latest and fastest fighters wait on airfields in Southern England for the robots: Standing patrols are maintained in strength by day and by night



HEAD OR TAIL?—THE PROBLEM IN FRONT OF THE PILOTS ATTACKING THE FLYING BOMBS. There are two possible forms of attack—if the head, carrying the charge, is hit, it explodes with such violence that frequently the attacking aircraft is blown into the upside-down position : if the tail is hit, however, the Flying Bomb is usually sent crashing down into the sea (*see notes above*)*—Drawing by Roland Davies*



THE ALLIED ARMIES PRESS ON THROUGH ETRURIA: THE TOWN OF PERUGIA IS OCCUPIED AND PASSED on the morning of June 19. After the Eighth Army entered Perugia, they at once pressed on towards Lake Trasimeno. The German resistance then stiffened on both sides of the lake and around Citta della Piave: picturesque Castiglione del Lago faced the Eighth across the lake, and the valley leading towards Florence lay beyond Cortono—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

MARCHING through ITALY

The Advance towards Florence and the Cities of the Industrial North

TWO weeks after the Allies had entered Rome—on June 6—the Eighth Army had advanced 90 miles to the north, and occupied Perugia. The Allied armies, Fifth and Eighth, had not paused in Rome, but continued the rapid pursuit of the retreating enemy, advancing along the great highways which all converge on Rome. They had caught up with the enemy, who had fought several rearguard actions, but always the Allies pushed on. Viterbo and Terni fell, Orvieto was taken, and on nearing Perugia, Assisi was occupied, fortunately suffering no destruction, so that the famous Franciscan convent, the oldest in Italy, was untouched by the devastation of war.

The Germans seemed prepared to hold Perugia and to defend it strongly. Bridges had been demolished, and there were wide minefields at the approaches to the town. Perugia was important for military reasons as a road and rail centre, but it was known to all visitors to Italy as a place of medieval charm and beauty. Owing to a return of bad weather with heavy rain, the Germans had been given a little time to collect their forces, lay mines and carry out demolition. The mud was so heavy and thick that motor transport was bogged and the advancing troops were slowed up. But, nevertheless, the advance went on and Perugia was approached from the south, west and east, making it evident to the enemy that the town could not be held for long. They kept up resistance for a time, even fighting within the city after the British had entered, but they were all cleared out by June 20. The taking of Perugia was entirely British—the Lancers led the way into the city, followed by the Rifle Brigade among the Infantry. The city was found to have escaped very serious damage; its chief buildings and the University are reported to be untouched.

Columns then pushed on to the north, seizing some heights, Monte Malbe and San Marco, while another column advanced westward along the southern shore of Lake Trasimeno. The Allied line then ran almost in a straight line across Italy.

German resistance then began to stiffen, and it appeared that Kesselring had rushed up reserves to hold a line from Piombino on the west coast to the Lake Trasimeno area, then north of Perugia in the mountain area to the Adriatic. Lake Trasimeno is the famous lake associated with Hannibal's great victory over the Romans, led by the Consul Cains Flamineus. Hannibal had posted his men on the heights on the north-eastern side of the lake, unseen by the Romans, who walked into the trap and were completely annihilated.

Heavy fighting has been taking place at Chiusi, south-west of Lake Trasimeno. Chiusi is the ancient Clusium, whose king, Lars Porsenna, led his Etruscan host against Rome in 500 B.C. It has still its medieval walls and is visited for the Etruscan tombs, with their wall paintings to be found on the hills outside the town.

THE ALLIES OCCUPY THE ISLAND OF ELBA. French troops stream ashore near Marina de Campo on the morning of June 17 for the liberation of the island. This operation was carried out under General de Lattre de Tasigny, in command of a detachment of the French "B" Army. British, American and French ships and aircraft took part. French assault troops, Commandos and Colonial troops landed on the south, central and south-eastern sections of the island and established a firm hold. It was not long before the entire island was in Allied hands

On right—**A RAILWAY TUNNEL NEAR VITERBO, north of Rome,** after fighter bombers had attacked this strategic point as part of the "Operation Strangle" to stem the flow of enemy supplies to the Germans opposing the Eighth Army. Rubble blocked the entrance to the tunnel and effectively prevented the movement of trains and locomotives through it

JUNE 13 : The capture of Bagnoregio. A South African Armoured Division occupied this town, which lies 50 miles to the north of Rome, after meeting the stiffest opposition the enemy had offered since the capture of the capital. The retreating Germans went so fast through Civita Castellano, in the vicinity of Bagnoregio, that they did not have time to blow up the picturesque bridge seen in this picture

JUNE 14 : The capture of Orvieto. Carrying all before them, after the capture of Bagnoregio, South Africans then took possession of Orvieto, which lies seventy miles to the north of Rome. Orvieto stands on a high feature on the banks of the River Piano Nuovo. Here a Sherman tank is passing along the road in pursuit of the enemy : Orvieto is seen on the hill in the background

JUNE 15 : Narni falls to the Eighth Army. An overhead view which shows the bridge (in left foreground) leading into the town which was blown up by the retreating Germans

JUNE 16 : Terni is captured. The combination of Allied bombing and German demolitions blocked the road of the advance. Royal Engineers were at once called on to clear the route and to construct a Bailey Bridge across the River Nera. Sappers and bulldozers are here seen at work clearing up the rubble in the town

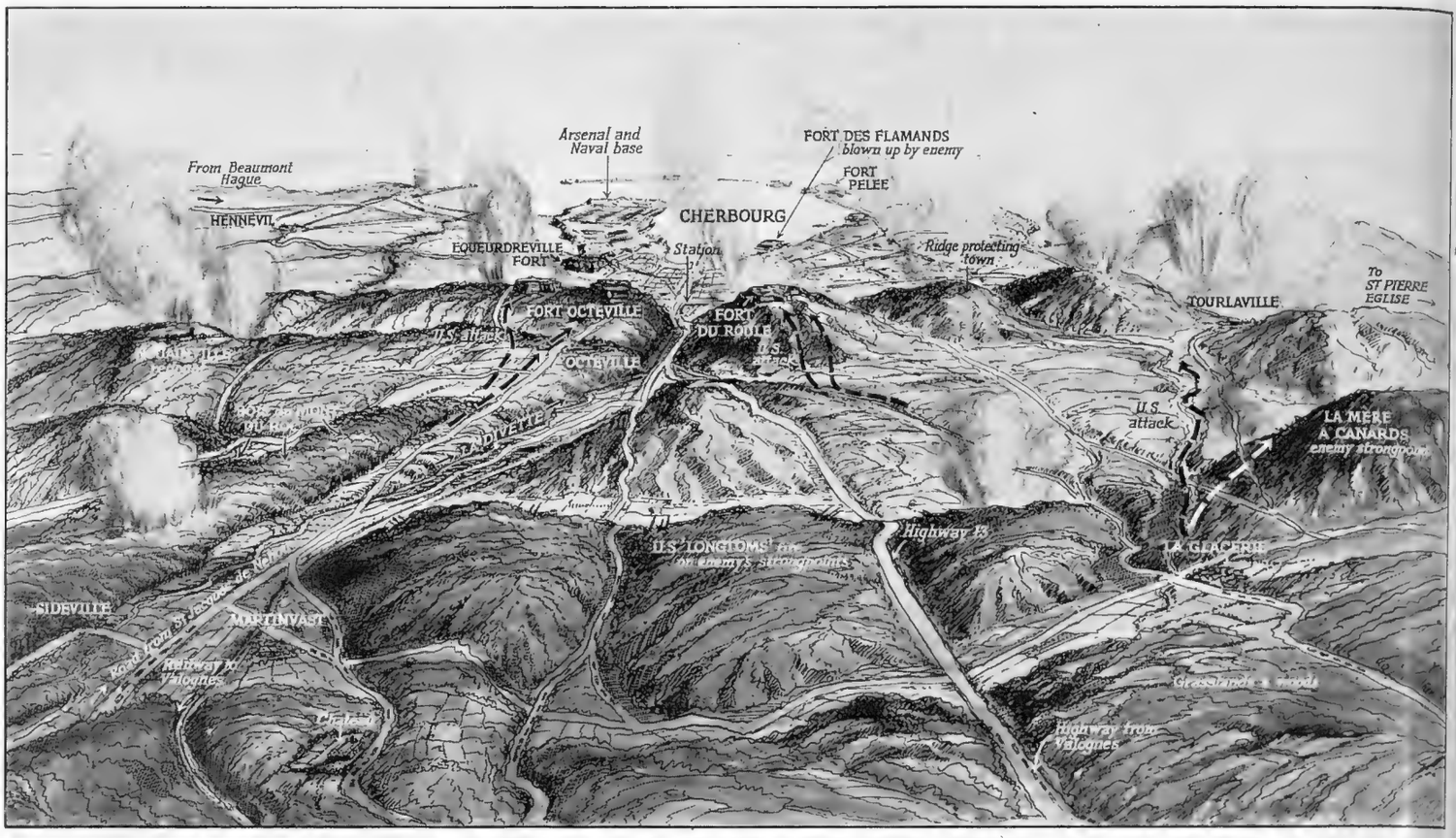
Above—**CONSCRIPTS TO THE GERMAN ARMY after their surrender to the Allies.** *On right*—**Mongolians found amongst the German prisoners of war.** During the campaign in Italy it was discovered that Mongolians had been conscripted by the Germans into their army. They had been captured in Russia and conveyed to Italy—probably as labour troops. After the fall of Rome, these Mongols had been placed in the fighting line as combat troops and forced to bear arms against the Allies. They surrendered at the first opportunity. In the picture above, part of a batch of 1,000 prisoners (including Mongolians) are seen waiting to board a landing craft to a place of internment

AN ANTI-FASCIST DEMONSTRATION IN ROME

PARTISANS TAKE ACTION AGAINST THE ROMANS WHO OPPRESSED THEM. Two scenes as the pro-Fascists were forced out into the open by the anti-Fascists in Rome

AFTER THE FASCISTS HAD BEEN BROUGHT OUT INTO DAYLIGHT, they were hustled away through the streets under arrest to await trial for their misdeeds

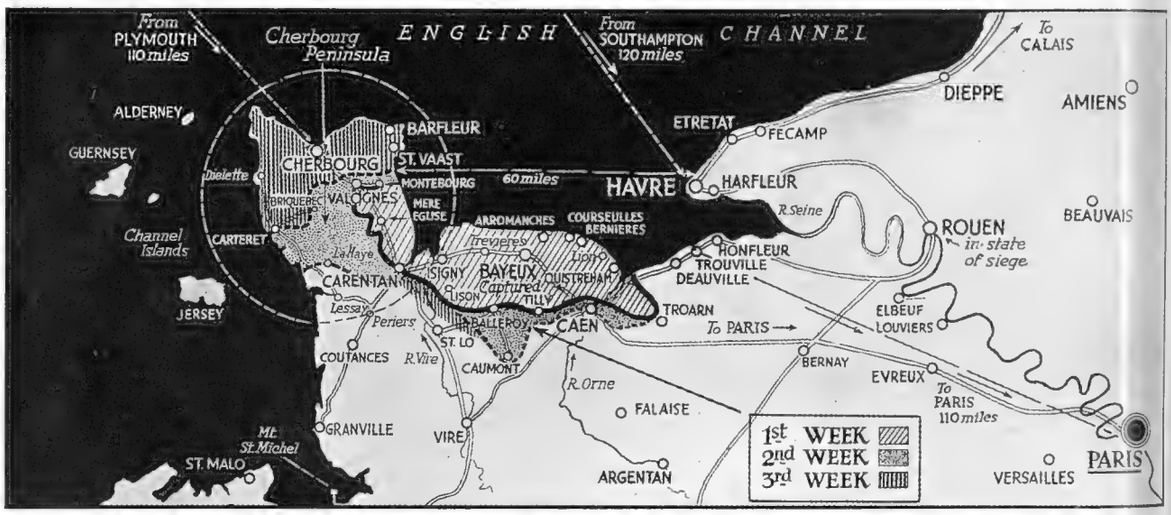
The four pictures reproduced here show what happened to a group of notorious Fascists in Rome after the Germans had been driven out of that city and the populace had been freed from repression. The anti-Fascists, who now call themselves "Partisans," had rounded up a trio of their enemies. The Partisans bombed the tobacco shop in which three of them had taken refuge and then pulled them out from under the blown-out steel grille in the doorway. After questioning, the anti-Fascists then led their captives through the streets under arrest. These pictures give an excellent insight into some of the internal conflicts now going on inside the liberated capital of Italy, and how the people, long repressed, are now taking their revenge



HOW THE AMERICAN TROOPS ASSAULTED THE FORTIFICATIONS AROUND CHERBOURG—a view from the south, opposite the central German defence sector, showing the great fortresses which fell before the German garrison surrendered on June 26
—Drawing by Percy Home

THE STEPS WHICH LED UP TO THE FALL OF CHERBOURG

And Which Preceded the Commander's Surrender on June 26, 1944



THE FIRST THREE WEEKS IN NORMANDY, which culminated in the capture of the very important town and harbour of Cherbourg. A diagram which shows the successive stages up the peninsula, and also in the Caen area

In the fighting which led up to the fall of Cherbourg on June 26, some of the heaviest battles took place on the central southern sector of the German perimeter protecting the town and naval base. The above drawing is taken from the high ground overlooking the final valley through which the U.S. infantry had to advance against the main defence positions.

Below on the left is Martinvast and its château, close to which the main railway line turns east to Valognes. A little to the left is the road coming up from St. Jacques de Nehou. To the right is Highway 13, the main motor route from the south, traversing patches of woodland and grassland. Farther to the right is the small town of La Glacerie.

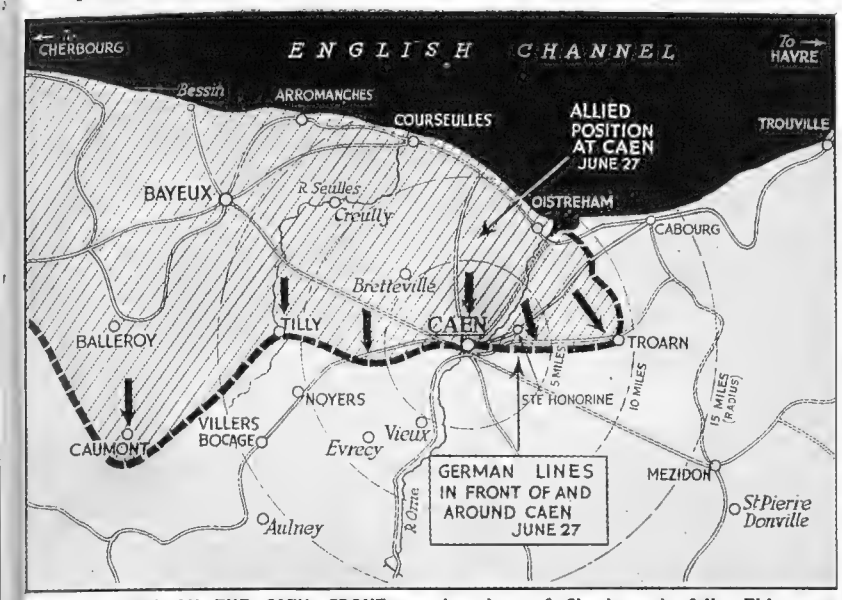
The Germans put up a strong resistance in the Bois du Mont du Roc, a long stretch of woodland which reaches to within two miles of Cherbourg town. This position was pounded by U.S. heavy artillery. It lies on the farther side of La Divette, a stream which flows through the gap at Fort du Roule into Cherbourg Harbour.

At the last-named fort the American troops met with heavy resistance. The fort is perched on a hill at the end of a ridge extending eastwards to Tourlaville and its château. There was fierce hand-to-hand fighting immediately to the south of Fort du Roule. Hidden villages burst into flame, and the whole ridge of Mont du Roc seemed to rise skywards under the intense barrage. Some tanks appeared on the roads where possible.

French-constructed redoubts at Octeville and Nouainville faced the U.S. troops on the west, and away to the east was a strong-point on the hill of La Mère à Canards, just to the north of La Glacerie. This position overlooked the city and docks. The U.S. "long-toms" pounded this and other positions before the infantry advanced.

When individual days are packed with incident, it is well to take a longer view. The period shown here covers the first three weeks. *Taking the first week, June 6 to 13*, it is astonishing to note what a considerable amount was accomplished during that first seven days. The first news of landing-places was from German sources: the actual beach sites were actually named, extending westwards from Ouistreham, at the head of the Caen Sea Canal. Bernieres, Courseulles, Arromanches, Port en Bessin—all proved to be accurate. Away on the Cotentin, or Cherbourg, Peninsula, sea landings also took place. A number of paratroop landings were stated to have taken place in the area around Caen Canal and towards Valognes, on the Cherbourg Peninsula. Bayeux was occupied and the outskirts of Caen approached. The first fierce beach-head hours rapidly receded into history as the penetrations inland were made. *The second week, June 13 to 20*, was marked by a brilliant advance south of Tilly, an episode which indicated that the enemy had been caught off his guard in this particular area; and by a spectacular sweep across the Cherbourg Peninsula by the U.S. troops. There was a thrust eastwards beyond the Caen Canal, heavy pressure against the enemy being maintained during the week. *The third week, June 20 to 27*, was marked by the successful advance towards the port and naval base of Cherbourg and the entry into the city's precincts. Tanks and infantry reached the docks and waterfront, and Cherbourg fell on June 26

On right—**JUST BEFORE THE FALL OF CHERBOURG. A B-26 Marauder flying over the city. Cherbourg waterfront is clearly seen in the left centre of the picture, with the Naval Base in the lower left corner**



THE POSITION ON THE CAEN FRONT at the time of Cherbourg's fall. This map shows the line on June 27, just before the big push which General Montgomery ordered the moment the port of Cherbourg was captured by the Americans. In this region, British troops have taken part in some of the most bitter fighting since the landings on the Normandy coast (see *notes below*)

FONTENAY-LE-PESNAL, NEAR TILLY—a burnt-out German tank destroyed during the battle. On the morning of June 25 an attack was made by British troops on this village, in an effort to straighten out the line in the Tilly-sur-Seulles area to the west of Caen. Heavy enemy opposition was encountered before the village was taken and an advance made towards the town of Caumont

THE GREAT BATTLES AROUND CAEN

Where the British Forces have been in Continuous Action

The fiercest fighting on the whole invasion front has centred around Caen, to which the Germans have held on with desperate determination. Bayeux had fallen to the first onslaught of the invasion, and British and Canadian troops had reached the outskirts of Caen on the very first day, and almost succeeded in taking it. But the enemy recovered from the initial shock, resisted strongly and reinforcements were rushed up.

The British 6th Airborne Division was given the all-important task of capturing two bridges, intact, across the River Orne (on which Caen is situated), and of blowing up four coastal batteries commanding beaches on which the invasion troops were to land. The paratroops arrived at 2 a.m. on D-Day, Tuesday, June 6. It was blowing a gale, making it hard for the men to collect together and to find their rendezvous, where the gliders were to arrive. They did, however, succeed in gathering together, and set off to capture the bridges and to storm the batteries. Both tasks were fully accomplished, but at considerable cost, as, by unlucky chance, they came down at the very spot where fresh German troops were carrying out anti-invasion exercises. Relief was to arrive at midday, and while waiting for this, 180 paratroops held the bridge against furious counter-attacks by the enemy, who was supported by tanks. Ever since then, the British 6th Airborne Division, together with British and Canadian troops, have kept the eastern flank.

According to German accounts, the Allies had succeeded at first in penetrating into part of Caen, near the railway station. They announced that Caen was a mass of flames, and that violent fighting was taking place in the streets. Rommel raced up reinforcements, including armour and Panzer Grenadiers, and managed to save Caen. The Allies held a circle round the north of the city, and over the River Orne to the east along to Ouistreham, the fishing port at the mouth of the river. The Allies thrust out, on the 13th, farther to the east, as far as Troarn, 8 miles from Caen.

In the meantime, Montgomery had made a spearhead thrust to the south-west of Caen, from Tilly—on the road between Caen and Bayeux—with the object of lapping round Caen and capturing the heights to the south. Rommel mustered four Panzer divisions and just managed to hold the advance. He was badly wanting to send help to the Cherbourg Peninsula, where the American forces were pushing across the peninsula, and threatening to cut off Cherbourg, but he dared not leave the eastern flank exposed. A series of tank battles have taken place all around the Caen area, where the fighting has never ceased. There was a great artillery action on June 12 all along the Orne, and on the 15th a crescendo of furious fighting when the Germans used 600 tanks in order to recover Troarn.

THE GERMAN LINES VIEWED FROM AN ALLIED OBSERVATION POST. In this French town, already blasted by artillery and air attacks, the German lines were only a short distance away, around the bend of the main street. The American vehicle in the centre hit a mine and the occupants were machine-gunned by the Germans. The latter were so close to the scene, and commanded it so strongly, that the bodies of the dead American soldiers could not be removed

A KEY-POINT IN THE FIGHTING AROUND CAEN—the main street in the town of Tilly-sur-Seulles after its capture by British troops. Tilly was captured on June 19, after the most bitter fighting. The town was badly damaged by shell-fire and many wrecked German tanks and vehicles were found in the streets. Mines were everywhere, and Royal Engineers had their usual hazardous job of clearing them

The ALLIED FLEETS off the BEACHES

During the Blockade of Cherbourg and during the Task of Safeguarding the Channel Convoys

—*Special Sphere Drawings*

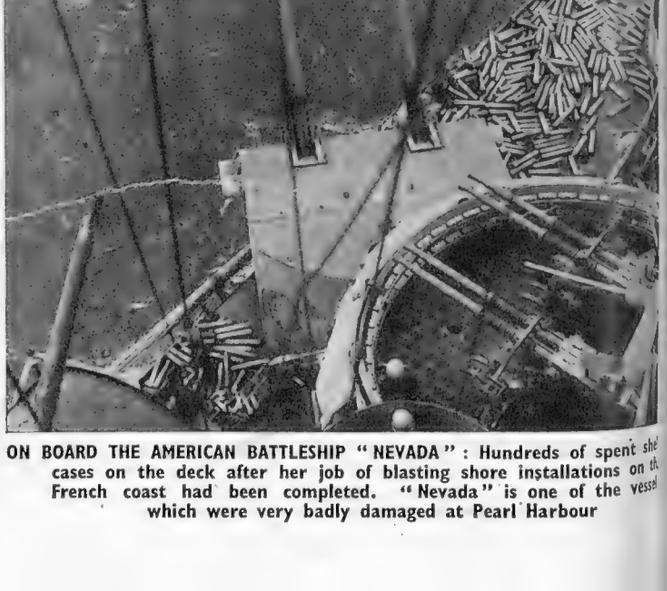
THE FEEDING OF THE ROYAL NAVY: How the problem is tackled on the small ships even during the roughest weather at sea—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

An amazing feature of the feeding of the Navy at sea is the way in which regular meals are served to all hands, no matter how bad the weather. In the big warships—the capital ships and cruisers, where the galleys are the most modern that cookery science can devise, and which are tended by a skilled staff—no gale or storm can prevent the hands eating regularly and well. But in the "wet little ships"—the destroyers, corvettes and sweepers—in bad weather the matter is more difficult. The galleys are small and sometimes open on to a deck which is swept by icy seas. The actual cooking is attended by the difficulty of the ship rolling, and many a meal has been wasted when an extra big sea has swept the galley clear of all pots and pans. Particularly difficult in bad weather is the serving of a scratch meal to officers on duty who cannot leave the bridge. There is the slippery wet deck, sometimes at an alarming angle, to negotiate—to say nothing of steep steel ladders to be climbed. The drawing above shows a meal on its way to the bridge of a corvette. The cook's mate is making his way to the ladder, anxiously watched by the prospective diner up above. He is "strap-hanging" to the life-line which is kept rigged in bad weather, with a vacuum flask of hot coffee in the pocket of his oilskin and clutching a tray carrying a precious chop

THE BLOCKADE OF CHERBOURG BY THE TINY MOTOR TORPEDO-A
and during gales of 60 m.p.h. By confining the enemy warships h on the left in

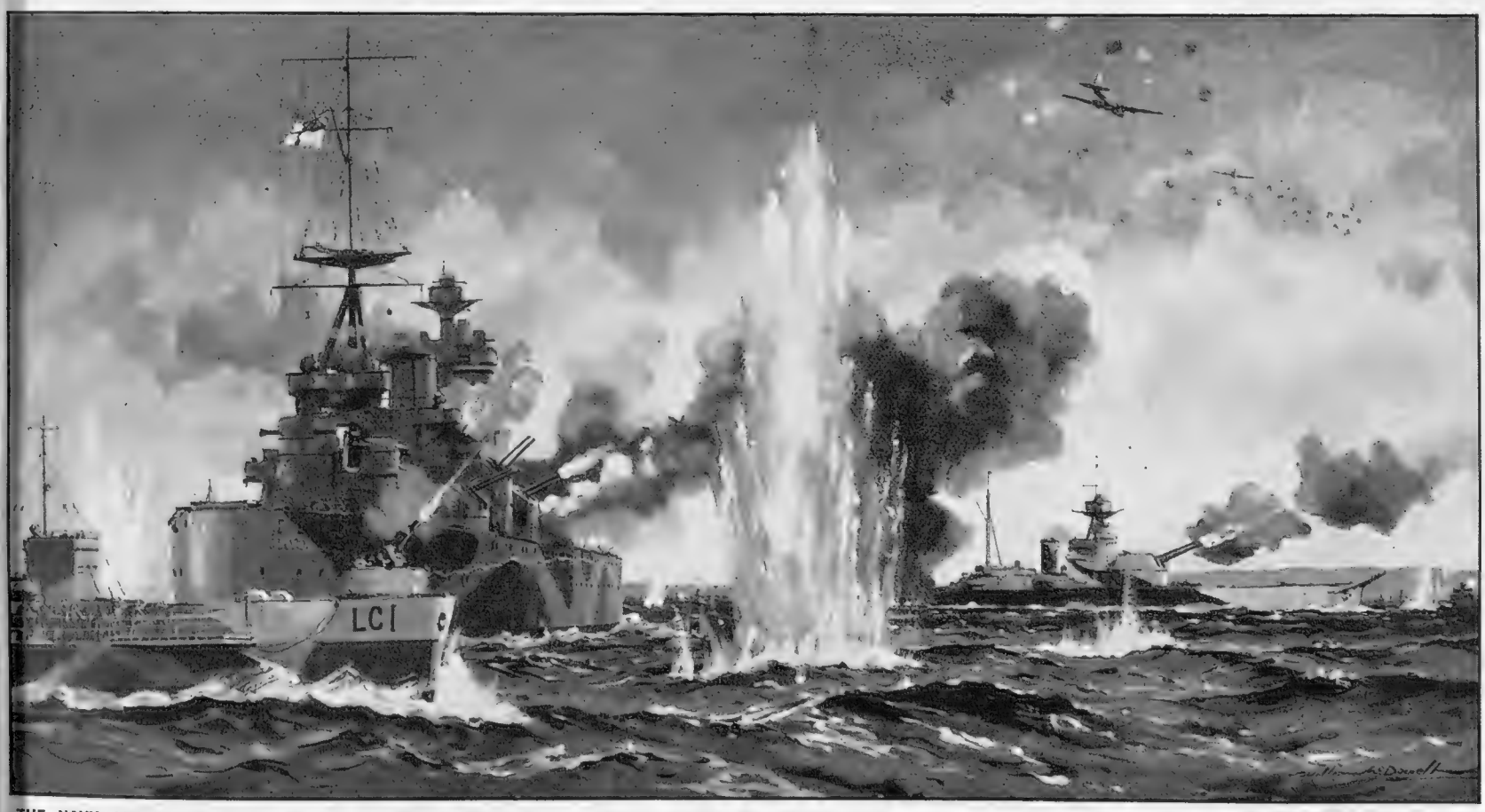
Since the landings in Normandy, British and American light warships have maintained a close watch on the German harbours at Havre and Cherbourg, to prevent the night forays of the enemy's E-boats. Nearly every night for one whole week the Germans tried attacks on the sea routes across the English Channel; but motor gunboats and motor torpedo-boats operating in the vicinity of the German bases soon checked these depredations, and for days on end thereafter no enemy E-boats dared to set out for the Channel. At times the weather was far from propitious for small, fast craft, and frequently our patrols encountered winds which rose to gale force. Casualties inflicted on the Allied convoys were never high, according to official statements, and since the maintenance of our M.T.B. patrols they have dropped considerably. The fast light craft, manned by determined crews willing to pursue the enemy vigorously, are admirably suited for patrol duties

ON BOARD H.M.S. "GLASGOW" at a British port, as the cruiser loads up with fresh ammunition for another "shoot" off the beaches in Normandy



ON BOARD THE AMERICAN BATTLESHIP "NEVADA": Hundreds of spent she cases on the deck after her job of blasting shore installations on th French coast had been completed. "Nevada" is one of the vesse which were very badly damaged at Pearl Harbour

ATS OF THE AMERICAN AND BRITISH NAVIES, WHEREBY THE FORAYS OF THE GERMAN E-BOATS WERE CHECKED. This work was carried out in rough weather harbour, the work of reinforcing the beaches was able to proceed without interruption; nor was the Cherbourg garrison allowed to escape by sea. The vessel n American M.T.B., of the "PT" class; that on the right is a British Vosper type—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*



THE NAVY OFF THE BEACHHEAD ENDURE SEVEN DAYS OF TIP-AND-RUN RAIDS BY THE LUFTWAFFE, while the battleship "Nelson" and the monitor "Roberts" blaze away at coastal targets and beat off the raiders at the same time—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The "tip-and-run" raids by the Germans did comparatively little damage, but they were a nuisance all the same. "Hardly a man in our ship took off his clothes, or his 'Mae West,' for seven days and nights," reported one naval correspondent. "'Action Stations' was sounded almost constantly. We tried to snatch odd half-hours during the daytime, and sometimes succeeded, even though *Nelson* or the monitor *Roberts*—she did some grand work—were firing like demons only a few cables' length away and almost shaking us out of our bunks at each broadside." In the drawing above, the battleship *Nelson* is shown on the left: she carries nine 16-in. guns, the largest used in the Navy, as well as twelve 6-in. guns. *Roberts* is on the right. Meanwhile, the Allied landing craft are seen going about their business as usual, running in their vital supplies and equipment to the beaches

TRYING TO OPERATE UNDER CRAMPED CONDITIONS ALONG THE TWISTING FRENCH ROADS, two German Panthers are knocked out by the combined efforts of British gunners and infantry armed with a Piat anti-tank gun. The latter took the enemy armour in flank through a wood, whilst the gunners knocked off the tracks at point-blank range and immobilised the leading vehicle—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

FIGHTING TACTICS in NORMANDY

Operations by Tanks, Infantry and Machine-gunners, and How They Are Carried Out

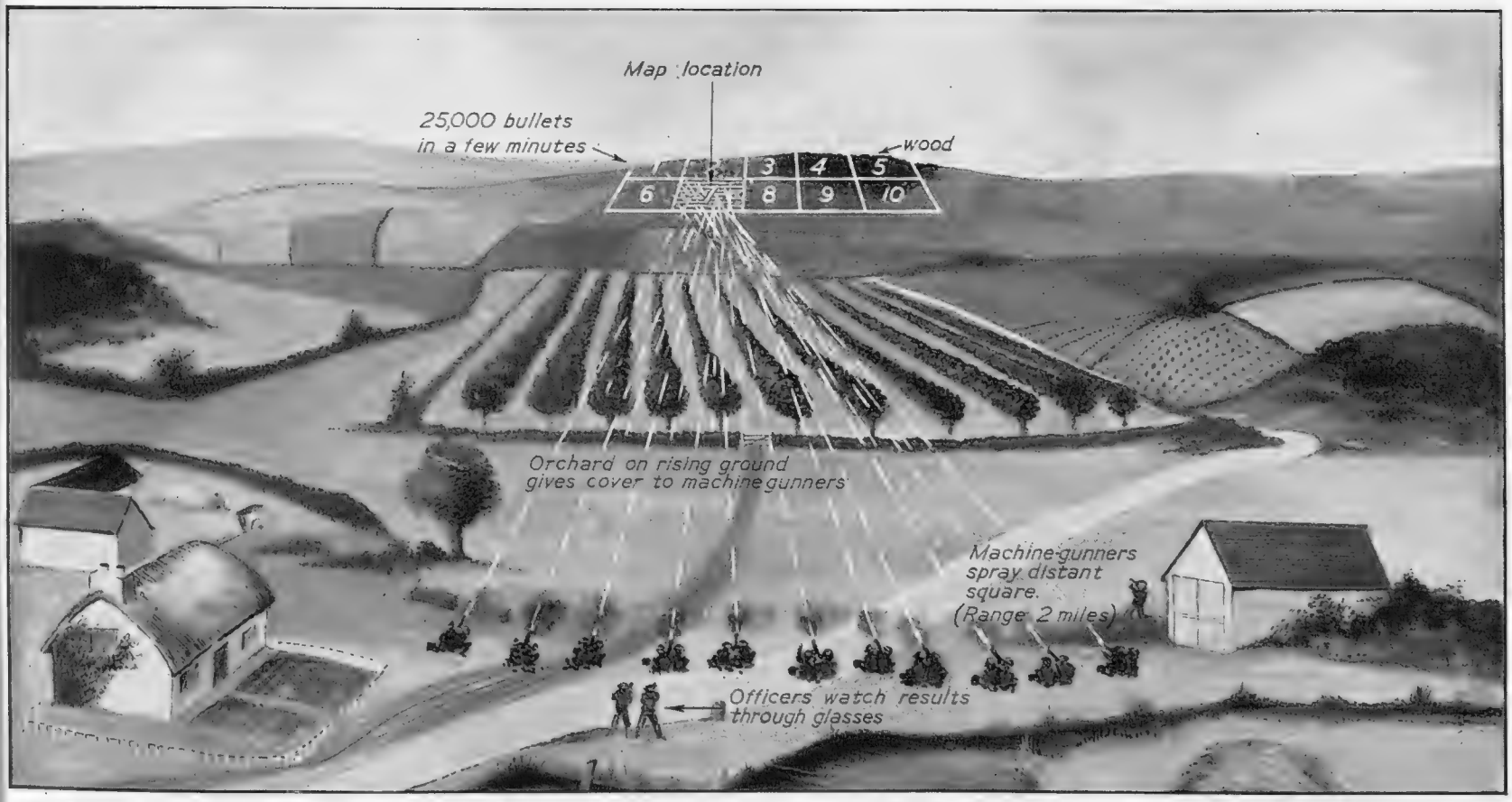
—A Series of Special Sphere Drawings

Much of the fighting in Normandy, and especially in what is termed the Caen area, has taken place in enclosed stretches with roads and streams winding more or less through the centre of the valleys. The hills rise on each side—rolling, down-like hills mixed with steeper bluffs on which villages are sometimes perched. These bluffs are often wooded, affording cover for German snipers. An armoured column may be proceeding forward with comparative ease when suddenly fire is opened from two points. Flashes are observed to come from two wooded patches, evidently concealed tanks. The position becomes unpleasant for the advancing force: it is out in the open, while the enemy is shrouded from view but for the flashes seen from the woodland cover. Fire can be opened up on the spots where the flashes were last seen, but this is not sufficient. The enemy must be "winkled out"; this means that infantry must at once deploy across intervening country, the detail of which varies with every stage of the advance. The defence, of course, has the initial advantage in these encounters, which are in the nature of ambushes. Our troops are learning every day how to tackle these sudden attacks and are getting to know more and more accurately which are the weak spots of the German tanks.

BRITISH ARMOUR POURING THROUGH A WIDE BREACH IN THE ENEMY'S FRONT IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF TILLY. The column of tanks, guns and infantry was advancing southwards through an enclosed valley when it was met with concealed fire from the Germans to left and right. The infantry at once went forward across the marshy ground towards the wooded tracts where the enemy were ensconced. The country in this region is so thickly wooded, and cut up by so many meadows bounded by hedges, that the foot soldiers have to go in first and locate the German snipers and gun-posts before our tanks can move forward to open fire to clean out the pockets—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

THE WORK OF THE INFANTRY BY NIGHT: "WINKLING-OUT" GERMAN SNIPERS HOLDING THE HOUSES IN A NORMANDY VILLAGE. The infantry approach the strongpoints cautiously under cover of darkness and then use grenades, which are tossed through the windows—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

The fiercest infantry fighting goes on during the night, when the enemy usually attempt their infiltration. After our tanks and foot soldiers had occupied a village near Tilly, on the edge of the River Seully, the Germans infiltrated two companies back into the village The fighting swung backwards and forwards along the main street for many hours. The Germans got into a couple of houses at the southern end of the village and machine-gunned the streets with their Spandaus from windows. Our men were eventually able to get close enough to lob grenades through the windows, driving out the Germans, although the enemy still machine-gunned and mortared from ditches on the edge of the village. When the enemy were finally cleared from the village, they left in a hurry, leaving behind them half-a-dozen troop-carrying vehicles into which our troops tumbled and pursued them



THE NEW TACTICS OF BRITISH MACHINE-GUNNERS. THEY NOW ACT IN BODIES AND FIRE AT AN UNSEEN TARGET, by means of map-square readings. A terrific stream of bullets is thus concentrated on the enemy—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

In this type of country observation-posts are few and inadequate: the cover and the undulations do not allow of them. The gunners are given a map location on which the enemy troops are understood to be established: they then proceed to spray it with fire. Normally, the machine-guns are in the very forefront of the battle: but now it is an impressive sight to watch them at work. Usually there are two platoons, firing at a range of almost two miles. In the space of a few minutes they can send over a stream of 25,000 bullets. No sooner have they completed their shoot than the machine-gunners get up and away with considerable speed. Return fire is likely to develop within a very few minutes. The rapid crackling of their fire near at hand has been described as similar to the sound of an immensely powerful electric drill

The "HINDENBURG" and the "BLUCHER" REDOUBTS

And other Details of the German Defensive Works on the Normandy Coast

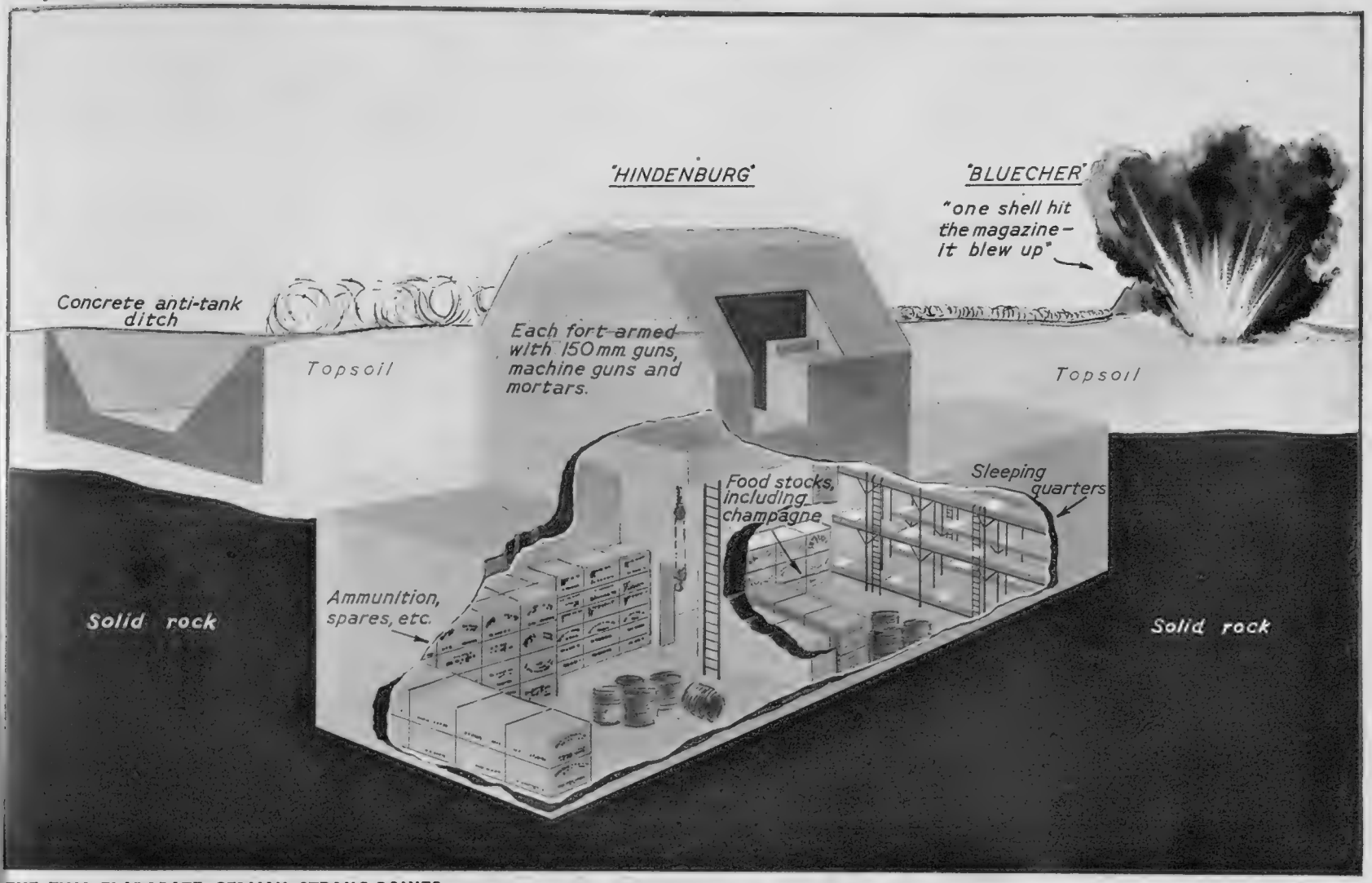
THIS WAS A BATTLEFIELD IN NORMANDY: It illustrates the new technique, first begun at Bataan. The field appears to be full of dug graves: actually, they are abandoned "foxholes," or slit trenches, dug by the Americans as protection against shells and bombs. And some of them were dug deep! The picture was taken from a Piper Cub aircraft after the soldiers who had dug the foxholes had moved up towards Cherbourg

STANDING UP IN HIS FOXHOLE, an American soldier manages to shave. Some of the holes were roofed over with tenting. They provided protection during the first days of heavy fighting near the Normandy beaches

A FORMER GERMAN STRONG-POINT ON THE COAST NEAR ARROMANCHES, after British troops had made themselves at home there after its capture. There are trenches and tunnels in every direction just below the surface, with places for sleeping and concrete emplacements for guns. The coast was honeycombed with such sites

BEACH OBSTACLES ALONG THE COAST, AS SEEN FROM THE AIR: Two types of German anti-invasion barricades are seen in this view. It was intended that they should prevent landings by small or large craft by impaling the vessels on them as the tide fell; but in this they failed to achieve their object, although some of them were not pleasant to encounter. These obstacles were placed underwater at many points

THE DEFENCES THAT FAILED. Three pictures which show the first line of "blocks" on the beaches of Normandy—large wooden posts set in concrete bases and each topped with one of the prime German favourites, the Teller mines. These obstacles were so placed that the Tellers would be just under the water at high tide; but the German plan to halt the invasion by this means was spoiled, because the first Allied landings were carried out shortly after low tide. Thus the mined posts were out of the water and easily visible



THE TWO ELABORATE GERMAN STRONG-POINTS WITH WHICH THE ENEMY INTENDED TO HOLD UP THE LANDINGS, but which were by-passed by General Montgomery and reduced later. A diagram which shows how the Hindenburg and Blucher redoubts were constructed and stored with provisions. They were cut off in the beach area for ten days, and then stormed by Marine Commandos—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

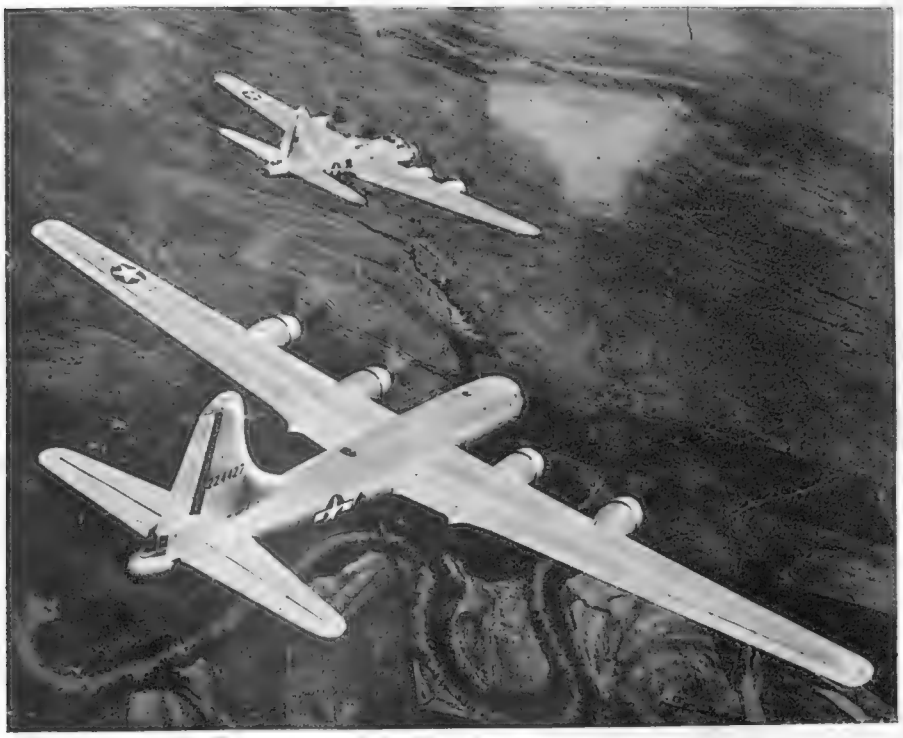
At Douvres la Delivrande, on the Normandy coast, were two strong positions held by the Germans. When our first landings had been made, it was decided not to waste time by reducing these redoubts at once, but to by-pass them and press on into the interior. For ten days the two strong-points were entirely cut off, and then they were stormed by Royal Marine Commandos and their 140 occupants were made prisoner. Although the two positions had no military significance, their continued retention over a long period of time might have had a valuable prestige consequence for the Nazis : it was therefore desirable to eliminate them. The positions consisted of two large pill-boxes named Blucher and Hindenburg. Each was protected with 150-mm. guns, machine-guns and mortars, the whole surrounded by anti-tank ditches and wire. There were underground chambers sunk 12 ft. below ground-level, but there was no communicating passage linking either with the outside world. When the positions were stormed, large quantities of ammunition and supplies, including champagne, were captured in the catacombs. Originally there may have been 150 German troops in each fort, but the strongholds were employed largely as coastal anti-aircraft defences rather than as part of a continuous defensive "wall." Amongst the prisoners were a number of Russians who were forced into the strongholds whilst retreating with the Germans from the Allied landing areas

PART OF THE DEFENCES AROUND THE PORT OF CHERBOURG. In the picture on the left may be seen the entrances to the deep underground tunnels which the Germans had built as part of their defence system : behind is a German mortar captured by the Americans at the same place, evidently put there to guard this vulnerable spot. The picture on the right shows one of the giant anti-tank traps which formed one of the outer defences of Cherbourg. These ditches proved stiff obstacles which had to be overcome before the Allied troops could close in on the inner defence zone. The men in this picture are American soldiers who overran the position

THE WAR BY AIR

New Pictures from France, and New Developments in the United States

THE SCENE IN MID-CHANNEL DURING THE REINFORCEMENT OF OUR FORCES IN NORMANDY. Marauder bombing aircraft of the Ninth Air Force fly over units of the Allied Fleet as they approach landfall on the French coast. Marauder groups such as this fly constantly in close support of our advancing ground forces in Normandy. Their targets are gun positions, bridges, railroad and highway junctions, convoys and troop concentrations. The "bombardment group" seen in this picture is commanded by a Colonel from Indiana and is based in England



THE NEW AMERICAN B-29—KNOWN AS THE SUPER-FORTRESS—in flight in the foreground. The other aircraft is the B-17 Flying Fortress. On June 15 it was announced from New York that Tokyo and several other large cities in Japan had been bombed for the second time since Pearl Harbour. It was announced at the same moment that "Super-Fortresses" had performed this great flying feat. This aircraft is a development of the B-17, or Flying Fortress. It has a wing-span of 141 ft., a length of 98 ft., and a height of 27 ft. Its propellers measure 16½ ft. and are of the four-bladed type, the largest ever installed in an aeroplane. The four 18-cylinder radial engines generate 8,800 h.p. at take-off. The Super-Fortress is heavily armoured; it has multiple gun-turrets; and is able to fly at very high altitudes. The plane is so complex that the flight engineer controls most of the power plant, the pilot using only the throttle and usual flight instruments. The Boeing Company say that it "carries the greatest load faster, farther and higher than any other plane in existence. Its speed compares favourably with the fastest pursuit and fighter planes"

ANOTHER NEW AMERICAN AIRCRAFT—the "Black Widow," a new night-fighter made by the manufacturers of the Thunderbolt. The new P-61 is "armed with everything": it has been described as a flying gun platform, and is the first Army fighter-plane revealed since Pearl Harbour. It is the first American night-fighter of the war, designed specifically as such: hitherto, aircraft used for this purpose have been modifications of those planned for other missions, and have lacked top efficiency in night battles. The P-61 was begun in 1941 and an experimental model was first test-flown in May 1942. Equipped with the latest night-fighting equipment, it develops pursuit speed while retaining the easy flying characteristics and low landing speed necessary for night operations. It is powered with two Pratt and Whitney engines. This picture exaggerates the length and slimness of its twin fuselages and shows also the rear turret of the cockpit

On right—**THE SUPPLIES ARE DELIVERED BY AIR.** The men of a British Airborne Division in Normandy had sent a message by radio that they needed supplies. Stirling bombers were sent over and dropped their loads by parachute in the manner shown here

ROUTING OUT THE ENEMY FROM THE FORESTS OF NORMANDY: A Mosquito bombing the Great Forêt de Cinglais, where enemy dumps are located, and Marauders "saturation bombing" the Bois de Burron, a concentration-point for enemy tanks—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The many woods and forests of Northern France have served the Germans well. Not only have they built their flying bomb bases there, but they have also made use of the larger forests for the concealment of their ammunition dumps and tank concentrations. The Allied Air Forces have been busily engaged during recent days in bombing them out of their hiding-places and have wrought much deadly execution. The Bois de Burron, here seen under attack by Marauders, is a forest lying about 10 miles south of Villers Bocage: it contains a concentration of German tanks and motorised equipment. It has now been bombed to "saturation-point," with a pattern of bombs laid across an area nearly a quarter of a mile square. The Germans had been using this base as a distributing centre for their front line. Close to the Bois de Burron is another large wooded tract—the Great Forêt de Cinglais, which covers an area of 4,900 acres. This is suspected to contain ammunition dumps. Away to the right in the picture above is Mezidon: the marshalling yards at this point were bombed recently by other aircraft, at a time when over 500 wagons were in the yards—and over half of this number were destroyed

THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE SANGRO RIVER IN ITALY, BUILT BEFORE THE GREAT ASSAULT ON ROME. This is the largest Bailey Bridge ever erected in any theatre of war. It is 1,200 ft. long and was constructed on the brick piers left standing by the Germans. Only the actual bridge was demolished during their retreat. The temporary bridge used by the advancing Allied armies is still standing on the right

The BAILEY BRIDGE

—"The Best Thing in its Time" and the Answer to the German Demolitions

—The First Pictures of this Important British Invention

The constructional details of the "Bailey Bridge" are no longer a secret. It has just been revealed that this bridge—the most remarkable in the history of military operations—can cross any gap up to 240 ft., without the help of pontoons. With pontoons, it can bridge much wider gaps. It will undoubtedly play a big part in the invasion of Europe by assisting our armies and supplies to cross rivers and the gaps caused by enemy demolitions.

In its lightest form, technically known as "single, single span," the "Bailey" can carry a load of 20 tons. Its construction can be doubled or trebled, if need be, to carry the weight of our heaviest tanks. The bridge fits together like a gigantic jig-saw puzzle. Each section is 10 ft. long and is made up of only seventeen parts. Nine other parts are used to make the foundation. The heaviest part can be handled with ease by six men.

The "Bailey" is, first of all, built on rollers on the bank, and is then pushed over the gap by the building crew, without any mechanical aid. Each span, as it is completed, is pushed on the rollers over the gap until the gap is completely bridged. Only one steel pin is needed for each join. The nearest the Germans have got to anything at all comparable to the Bailey Bridge is one whose parts in each section have to be fitted together with twenty-four nuts and bolts.

Our invasion forces are making full use of the bridge in Normandy. It has been used in Italy with great success, our Sappers there performing the feat of bridging the 300-ft. gap across the Trigno in 36 hours. General Montgomery has praised it as "quite the best thing in that line we have ever had. It does everything we want. It will be needed everywhere we operate in Europe."

The Bailey Bridge is named after Mr. Donald Coleman Bailey, of the Ministry of Supply, who played the leading part in the design and development of the bridge. It was in 1940 that the first rough plan was prepared, and within 4½ months the first experimental bridge was undergoing trials.

It was used with outstanding success in the North African campaign. It proved its worth both as a bridge which can be built at night as soon as the Infantry have established a bridge-head, and also as a semi-permanent bridge which will carry continuous heavy traffic with little maintenance.

The sudden appearance of heavier tanks and their transporters during the campaign meant that none of the existing standard bridging equipment could be used for these heavier tanks; but the Bailey Bridge can be erected to take light tanks and anti-tank guns across river obstacles and later strengthened by adding more girders to enable it to withstand the weight of the heavier tanks.

Another important advantage is the ease with which it can be erected and its adaptability to suit any type of gap. Troops who have seldom used this bridge before soon become experts and learn to launch it by night as well as by day.

ROYAL ENGINEERS CONSTRUCTING A BAILEY BRIDGE OVER A GAP IN A ROAD BRIDGE IN ITALY: A general view of the scene just before the launching of the "nose." It will be noticed that the bridge is constructed on one side of the gap and then pushed forward section by section

A BAILEY BRIDGE BEING BUILT ACROSS A RIVER IN BRITAIN: in this case barges take the place of piers. The Bailey Bridge is the best answer yet to the enemy's demolitions: it has greatly facilitated our advance in both Italy and Normandy. The bridge is a British invention and is named after its inventor, Mr. D. C. Bailey, of the Ministry of Supply. The components—which are made both in the United States and in Britain—are interchangeable and can be speedily put together. This, together with its great strength and stability, makes it ideal for every purpose for which heavy bridging is required

JUST OUTSIDE ORVIETO during the pursuit of the Germans. A tank which is to serve as an artillery observation post crosses one of the three Bailey Bridges built to replace those blown by the retreating enemy. The bridge can sustain the tank's weight easily

A TRIPLE-TIER BRIDGE, built by a Field Company of Royal Engineers in England. Each section of this is 10 ft. long and is made up of only seventeen parts. The heaviest part can be handled with ease by six men

BRITISH ARMOUR CROSSES A BAILEY BRIDGE IN ITALY. It was built by Sappers under continuous enemy fire. The temporary "corduroy" bridge which preceded it is still in existence on the right

AMERICAN TANKS CROSSING A RIVER by means of a hastily-erected "Bailey." In its lightest form this cleverly-thought-out structure can carry a load of twenty tons

THE "FLAIL TANKS"

for the Destruction of the Enemy's Mine-fields in Normandy

THE British Army is using Flail tanks. These have been in use ever since El Alamein, but the details have been kept secret.

The Flail tank is used for making paths through minefields, so that other tanks, infantry or vehicles may follow. Across the front of the tank is fitted a steel cylinder, to which are attached a number of lengths of chain, several feet along. As the tank moves forward, the cylinder revolves rapidly, and the free ends of all the chains beat continuously upon the ground underneath. This beating, or "flailing," sets off any anti-personnel mines, as well as anti-tank mines that may be buried in the ground, and clears a path several feet wide through the minefield for the Flail tank, and for other tanks and troops to follow.

(*Continued below*)

THE BARON TANK, THE FIRST TYPE OF "FLAIL" TO BE MADE IN THIS COUNTRY. It was a development of the Scorpion used at El Alamein: in turn, it has been improved and the Crab perfected from it

THIS IS THE CRAB, THE MOST MODERN OF THE FOUR TYPES of "flail tank" used in North Africa and Normandy. Its flails are now driven by the tank engine itself, not by an independent unit

A FRONT VIEW OF A FLAIL TANK, after it had been in action in a minefield. The steel cylinder to which the chains are attached is punctured—probably by fragments of a mine which it has exploded. Yet the tank itself, and the crew within it, are unharmed

A SIDE VIEW OF THE CRAB ACTUALLY AT WORK. By means of its whirling chains, a path several feet wide is cleared through the minefield for vehicles and infantry to pass through

TAKING ITS PLACE ON THE BATTLEFIELD NEAR CAEN: Guns, tanks and vehicles await the order to go, alongside one of the new tanks

(*Continued from above*)

The first use of Flail tanks in any numbers was at El Alamein, where they thrashed out paths through the minefields held by Rommel's men to stop our advance. The tanks then used were called "Scorpion," after one of Egypt's best-known "inhabitants." The Scorpion was designed by a South African, and a number were made up as a temporary expedient to break through the many German minefields from El Alamein to Tunis. The Scorpion proved very successful in these battles. It is reported to have destroyed at El Alamein 100 per cent. of the mines in its path. Even mines buried 3 ft. deep did no damage except to blow away a chain flail.

While the battles in North Africa were proceeding, experimental work was being conducted in Britain. The first type made in this country was called the "Baron," which was followed later by an improved type called "Marquis," and lastly by the "Crab" now in use, which incorporates the best points of the three previous types. On the "Crab," the flails are driven by the tank engine itself, as opposed to the method used on the Scorpion, of driving the flails by an independent engine. Matilda and Valentine tanks were used for the earlier Flail tanks. Now the Sherman is the tank chiefly used.

These tanks played a part in clearing the invasion beaches of mines. They are now being used in the general fighting in Normandy.

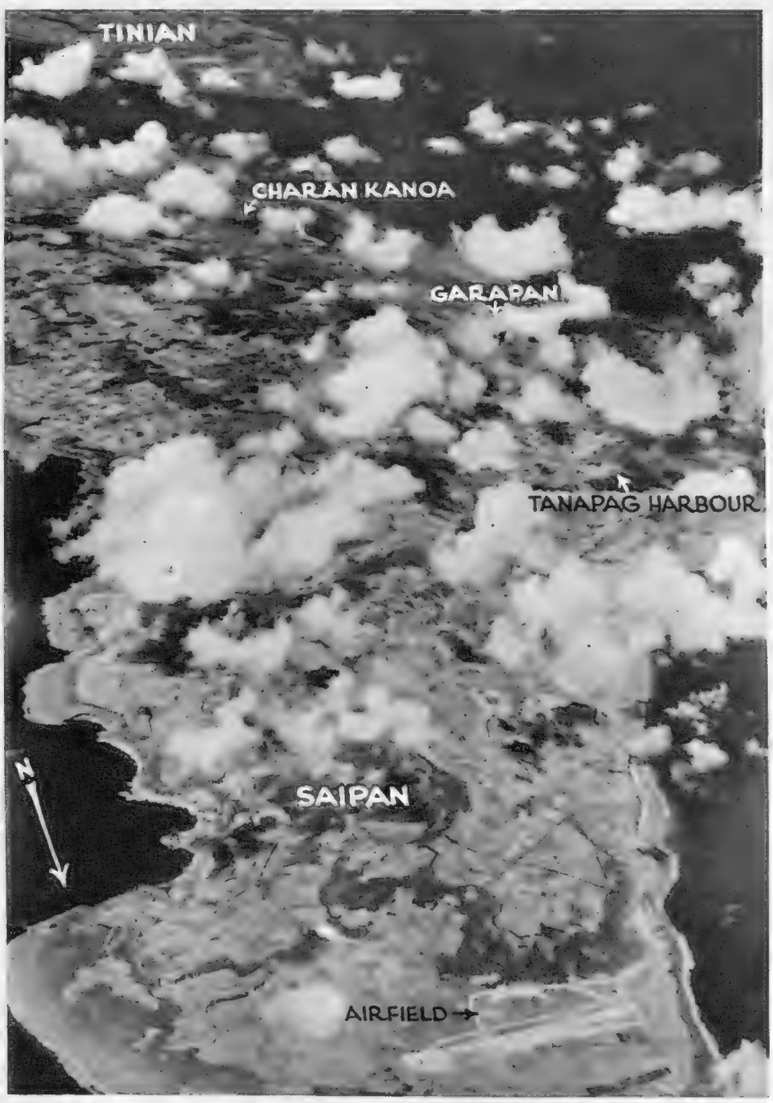
From the WORLD'S BATTLEFRONTS

VITEBSK—WHITE RUSSIANS WELCOME THEIR LIBERATORS: On June 26 the people of Vitebsk were able to embrace the Red Army men who freed the city from Nazi domination. Liberated only a few days ago, Vitebsk is already far behind the fighting front as the Soviet forces drive westwards fast towards the great German base at Minsk and the Polish frontier

ANOTHER GERMAN "REMOTE CONTROL" WEAPON IS CAPTURED IN NORMANDY. It would appear as if the Nazis are fascinated by their "remote control" weapons: first came the "doodle-bug" tank; then the "Flying Bomb"; and now the B4 vehicle seen above. This has the appearance of a small tank, and is about the same size as a British Bren carrier: it was captured intact in France. It carries a very large charge of high explosive in a detachable steel box-container on the front, and this charge can be released from the vehicle. The tank is driven by one man to a safe spot, and then can be guided to its target by a "remote control" device

THE AIRFIELD AT MYITKYINA IN AMERICAN HANDS, with a Medical Unit at work after an enemy bombing attack: Chinese nurses are here assisting Colonel Gordon S. Seagraves in setting up a Field Hospital for Chinese and American soldiers wounded during an attack by Jap Zero aircraft on the aerodrome at Myitkyina. The airfield was captured from the Japs by "Merrill's Marauders," but Jap snipers and bombing planes returned to the area to cause considerable trouble amongst the Allied troops holding the field

GUNS IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND BAG A ROBOT PLANE. The flash as one of the Flying Bombs is blown up by shell-fire. Bad weather on this occasion hampered the gunners, else the "bag" would have been considerable



THE NEWEST BATTLEGROUND IN THE PACIFIC: An air view of the Island of Saipan, in the Marianas, 1,200 miles south of Tokyo: American troops—Marine and Army veterans of the amphibious warfare in the Pacific—have been fighting bitterly on Saipan. After establishing a beachhead 5½ miles long at the south-western end of the island, they drove 2 miles inland to capture the Aslito airfield—which is only four hours' flying time from Tokyo. An enemy tank-led counter-attack was beaten off soon after. In this air view, Saipan is seen in the foreground, and Tinian is away to the north. The photograph covers a distance of approximately 26 miles

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A SELECTION of the WEEK'S BEST FICTION

Six Novels of Varied Interest and Diversity of Theme

WHAT a good time people had in Regency days! Or, rather, what a good time people had who possessed both money and position, for those are the figures most familiar to us through novels and memoirs in that age. The characters in Miss Georgette Heyer's new novel have all that could be asked of elegance and frivolity and high spirits, and have even chosen the period most suitable to their accomplishments. FRIDAY'S CHILD (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is a Regency Romance richly deserving of capital letters, and of a grateful reception in these all too homespun days.

The story concerns one Viscount Sheringham—or Sherry to his intimates and Miss Heyer's readers. He is a fine type of young Regency buck, good-looking, wild and, if such a thing is possible, dissipated in a healthy way. He offers for the hand of one Isabel, a beautiful heiress, and, on being refused, marries a charming young girl, Hero, who has adored him since they were children together, and is amazed that her dreams have come true. Sherry's friends love her, as well they might, for she is a pretty and amusing young girl, who tries her best to behave as she thinks Sherry's wife should.

The bold viscount, however, treats her as he would a younger sister, and has not the slightest idea that he is gradually falling in love with her himself. Her perpetual and rather childish scrapes irritate him, and when, in a moment of moodiness, he tells her he should never have married her, she runs away in tears, and the rest of the story is concerned with Sherry's half-vexed, half-affectionate search for her, which ends in a blaze of romantic glory in Bath.

This, of all historical periods, is the one in which Miss Heyer's talent flowers most freely. I don't suppose that it would be any exaggeration to say that she thoroughly enjoyed herself while she was writing this novel. Certainly I enjoyed myself while I was reading it.

With only two volumes of short stories to her credit, Miss Mary Lavin has already become a figure in English letters. She is, without any doubt, in the first rank of writers whose genius is the short story, and she has won that position with no more than a score of stories published, each of which bears the authentic imprint of a brilliant and original mind. Miss Lavin, in other words, is a personality as a writer, and she should be remembered.

The present collection of stories, THE LONG AGO (Joseph. 9s. 6d.), is as accomplished as the first, which won an important literary prize, and has the same pathos and irony about it, the same acute observation and the same profound and tender insight. "A Cup of Tea," a story which suggests, but never emphasises, bitterness, has all these qualities, and like the others, the restraint of great craftsmanship. Read these stories; they are an experience.

FIRE-WATCH AT ST. PAUL'S—the midnight watch: An Alert has sounded; down the river guns are rumbling. Smoothly, after weeks of practice, members of the fire-team run out a pipe-line. The vast reredos is undamaged, but the altar in front of it was smashed during the big blitz

More than any other building, St. Paul's Cathedral, to millions of people, is the very soul of London. Every night, from the quiet of the emptied City streets, come the fire-watchers who have volunteered to guard Wren's masterpiece; they are men who come from all walks of life. Fire-watching at St. Paul's presents a very difficult problem. The building is vast; its height is far beyond the throw of an ordinary fire-hydrant; special pumping machinery carrying water to the very dome is part of the equipment. But the staff available for the watch is small in number; hence the recent call for volunteers for this important task

HARD FACTS (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is the first volume of a projected trilogy by Mr. Howard Spring, but it is the author's intention that the book should be judged on its own merits as a "rounded and self-sufficient story," and so it is as such that I have tried to assess it. The scene is Manchester during the '80's, and the slum quarters of Manchester at that, and the story is of an ambitious young printer who founds a cheap and immensely popular weekly journal, of his fanatical young editor, and of the editor's sister, equally young and a prostitute.

The printer's scheme is a simple one, but his drive and conviction are enough to make it successful. Baldly speaking, he aims to exploit the credulity of the masses to his own advantage. A good many people have had the same idea and ended with riches and honours or doing a seven-year stretch. At the conclusion of this first book, at any rate, Daniel Dunkerley has placed himself firmly in the first class. His paper, of which one page is always devoted to such information as the speed with which one pair of herrings, if they had the Atlantic to themselves, would populate its waters, is an immediate and sensational success.

Young Dillworth, who is consistently and vocally opposed to every aspect of the paper and its purpose, accepts the appointment of editor in order to have security and a new life for himself and his sister, who he dearly loves. To this *milieu* enters a good-looking prig of a curate who, without knowing her history, falls very much in love with Elsie Dillworth, now a violinist of great talent. When he is enlightened by the drunken ravings of a neighbour, he attacks Elsie in a way worthy of the pages of *Rain*, and her brother, coming to her rescue, accidentally stabs her in the hand, and so ends her hopes of a musical career.

Here also the book ends, with the curate very properly having a nervous breakdown, and equally prudently marrying his rich patroness, on his recovery. Melodrama, in fact, with a bitter twist to it, and if that is what you like, Mr. Spring is generous with it, and proposes to be even more generous.

WATCHERS PATROL THE COLONNADE high above the City, keeping watch over the great Cathedral

Mr. William March is one of those writers who prefer, like the most talented of big-time conjurers, to keep six, seven or even eight plates (in his case plots) spinning in the air at the same time. My admiration for conjurers who are able to do this is always mixed with awe and acute apprehension—and was, even before the days of utility china—and my feelings about novelists who display the same uneasy skill is not very different. Perhaps, I say to myself, as I close such a book as THE LOOKING GLASS (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.), what I really want in a novel is a plot that begins at the beginning, goes on through the middle and ends at the end.

That, however, is too simple a proposition for Mr. March, who not only pursues nine plots, each co-equal in importance, but leaps backwards and forwards in time, giving one now a glimpse of the Spanish-American War, now a shot of a small American town in the '90's, now a picture of a family in the throes of such decisions as had to be made in 1917, and now a penthouse party in 1932 New York.

I was left with the feeling that the pattern would have been just as effective if it had been designed in straight, graceful lines, instead of this involved patchwork, but nevertheless, there is no doubt about Mr. March's ability. He can write like an angel. He just likes—and perhaps this is an angelic convention—to make things difficult for himself.

I was about to write that Mr. Peter Cheyney was in a very good position to call his new book MAKING CRIME PAY (Faber. 8s. 6d.), till I realised that there was something ambiguous in the phrase. What I mean is just what Mr. Cheyney meant when he chose that title for a book made up of his own articles, short stories and radio plays, and a preface in which he gives both the reason for his selection and some notes on the way he works.

"The trouble with most amateurs who want to write," says Mr. Cheyney austerely, "is that they are not sufficiently curious about life and people to wander about the city and find out things for themselves. This is where the trained newspaperman scores." (Mr. Cheyney has been a newspaperman.) "He knows about the city. He knows how it works, and he knows how to get information on any given subject which—if you will think it out—is half the business of being a writer."

Note to fans: Mr. Cheyney includes five good examples of Lemmy Caution's activities, and four of Slim Callaghan's.

Mr. Neil Gunn's creations, Old Hector and Young Art, turn up again in his new book, which is more the record of a fantastic adventure than a novel proper. THE GREEN ISLE OF THE GREAT DEEP (Faber. 8s. 6d.) is the story of an adventure on which these two embark, having gone fishing in a Highland salmon pool and fallen in. Being a pool of Mr. Neil Gunn's imagination rather than the prosaic and rather dank kind, the two find themselves in a far and mythical land—the Green Isle which serves as some kind of testing ground for one's reward in the hereafter.

Young Art, being very young, rebels from that benevolent authority, runs away and eats of the local forbidden fruit, but is forgiven through the intercession of Old Art. Finally, it is decided that the time has not yet come for either of them to enter Heaven and, after passing through their period of tribulation, they find themselves with returning consciousness back on the edge of the salmon pool, and back in life as this mortal earth knows it.

As usual, Mr. Gunn uses the art of allegory with great imagination and has achieved a charming, remote and other-worldly book.

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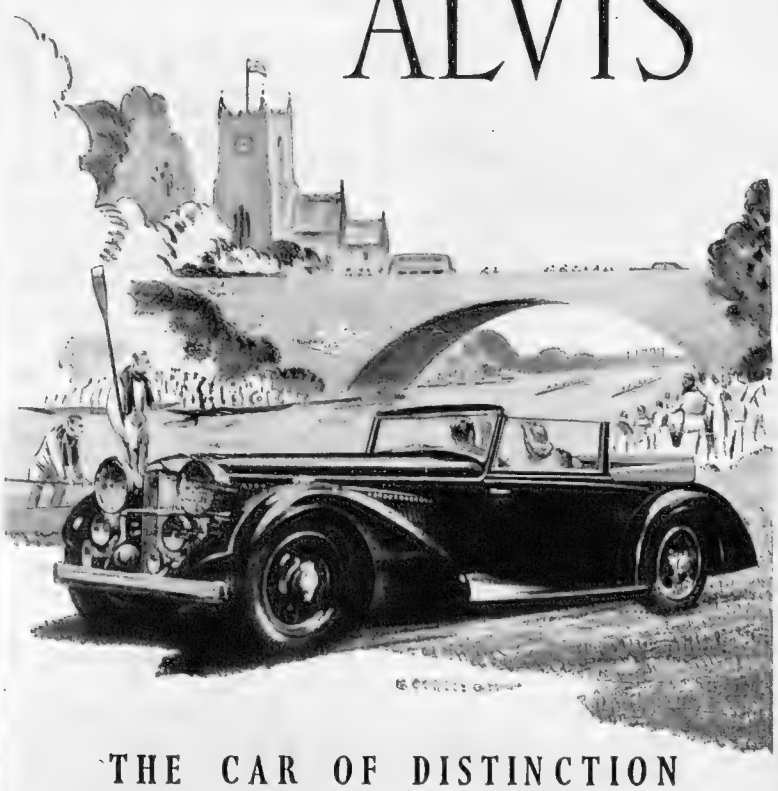
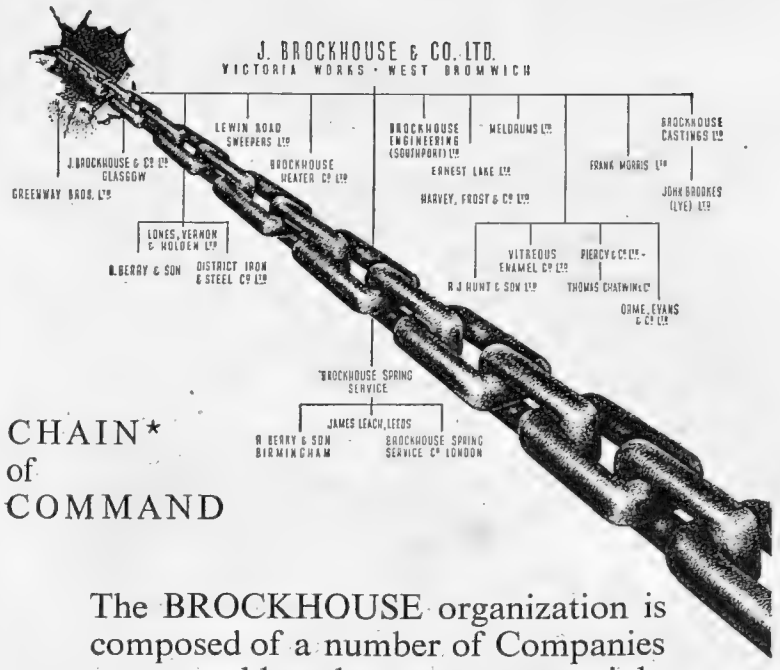


THE CAR OF DISTINCTION



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Dear Mr. Gerald,

Thank you very much for your letter which was very warmly received. You will indeed have many things to relate about Persia and Iraq, upon your much-wished for return. Also you will be surprised to find me writing upon a typewriter which I have been lent to cope with my very multifarious duties in the H.G. This week, every morning I have helped McGregor in the garden, now that he is single-handed. I have greased the car on the chocks. I have oiled your cricket bat and cleaned your gun. Your squash racquet, however, has been lent to some officers near here as I knew you would have wished.

That, with some firewatching, and the H.G. has filled up my week, except that I stopped the Housekeeper from giving your grey Ascot top hat for salvage, and made her replace the mothballs inside it. If you will excuse the sentiment, Sir, that hat is a symbol of the England which goes on for ever, even if sometimes interrupted. It will therefore remain in abeyance like the six bottles of Rose's Lime Juice I am keeping for the celebration, consequent on your return.

I must stop now to help Cook to peel the potatoes which in peacetime would be most derogatory, but not so in days of national austerity.

Yours faithfully,

Albert Hawkins

Sergeant Home Guard.

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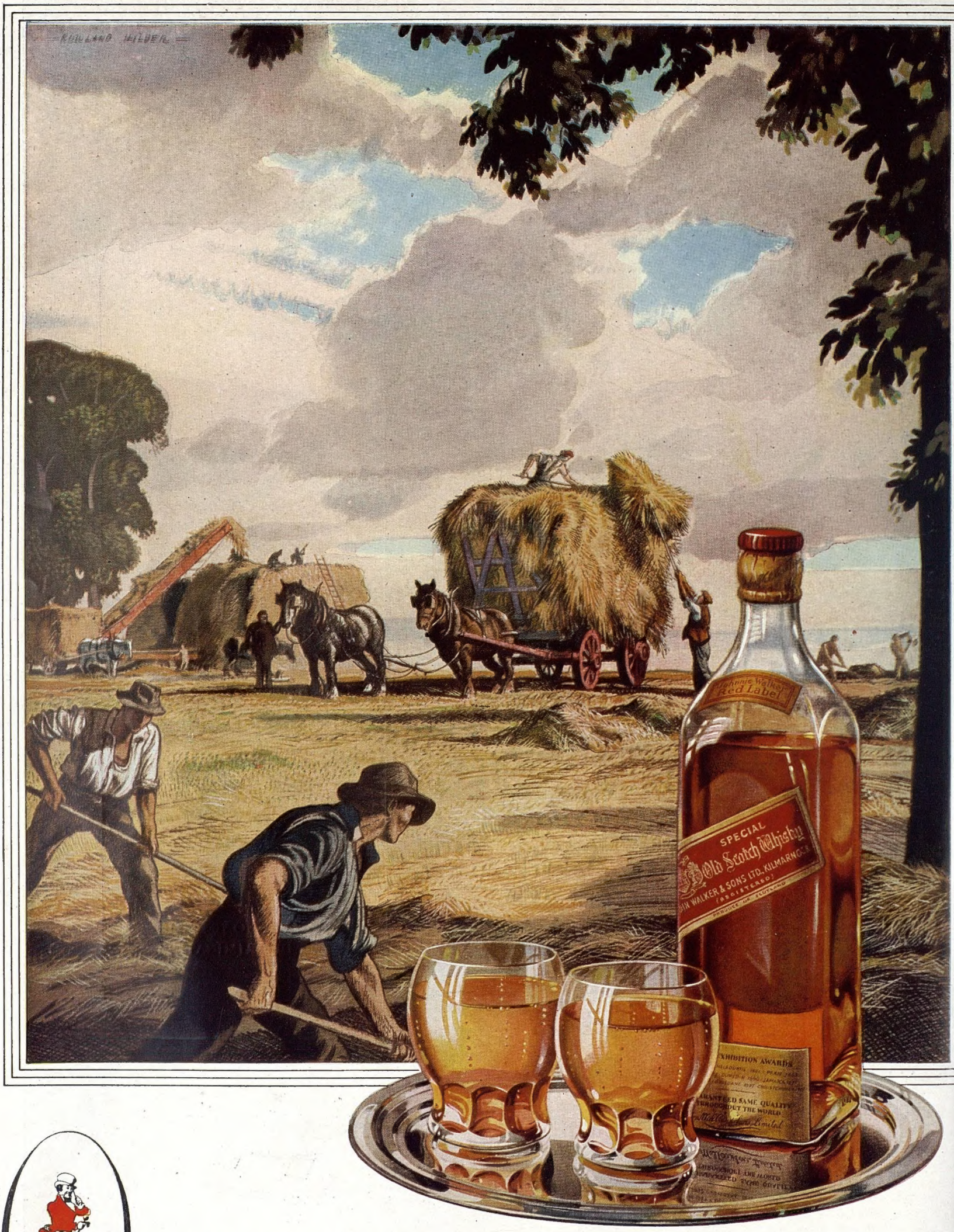

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